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Vol. CLXXVII No. 2311 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC MAY 6 1944

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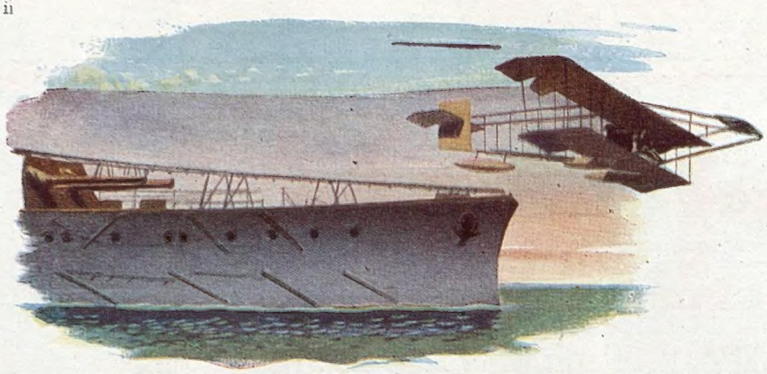

AIRBORNE . . .

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Volume CLXXVII No. 2311 The SPHERE, London, May 6, 1944

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THREE PRIME MINISTERS AT NO. 10, DOWNING STREET: MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL WITH MR. MACKENZIE KING, PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA (ON LEFT), AND MR. PETER FRASER, PRIME MINISTER OF NEW ZEALAND. They were the first of the five Dominions Prime Ministers to arrive in this country for the first Imperial Conference of the war, which began on Monday last

There are now six Premiers in London, gathered here for the Imperial Conference which will mark a new stage in Commonwealth relations. Apart from Mr. Winston Churchill, the Premiers have come from the farthest ends of the earth: Mr. Peter Fraser from New Zealand, Mr. John Curtin from Australia, Field-Marshal Smuts from South Africa, Mr. Mackenzie King from Canada, and Sir Godfrey Huggins from Southern Rhodesia. All arrived in this country by air and within a few days of each other. On Monday last all gathered at one table, with Mr. Churchill at their head, for the opening of the long expected Conference, which begins as a Council of War: it may last for some weeks, during which time the Premiers will sit together in the War Cabinet for the first time. It is seven years since the Prime Ministers of the Commonwealth met together—in 1937: but that was long before the outbreak of war. On Friday of last week, April 28, Mr. Mackenzie King and Mr. Peter Fraser called on Mr. Churchill at No. 10, when the above picture was taken (see *also page 163 of this issue*)

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 244

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1

The Lull.—At the moment of writing, there is a lull. The guns of Moscow are silent, the Red Armies are coiling for new springs forward. Italy remains chiefly in the political news. In the west, the softening process proceeds like a familiar routine, and the punctual statistics of blasting from the air are "taken as read," like the annual report of a dividend-paying company which never gives any trouble to shareholders. But under the surface the pot simmers—everywhere. Though General Montgomery finds time to watch football, though critics review new plays, books, pictures and art shows, though a few cricket grounds are cut and rolled, and the spring shrubs and flowers burst into blossom, and farms and gardens are tended, the pot simmers and bubbles, and the lull is not very easy, even in Britain. It is contagious. It has affected the day's mail. Fewer letters are written, fewer bills paid, fewer plans made, fewer movements observed; possibly even there is less talk than usual. And if in Britain the pot simmers, what is it like below the surface in occupied Europe, or in Germany? The phoney war had a disintegrating effect on the nations involved. The Second Front war of nerves, we may suppose, may well be not less shattering to tense nerves than the rain of 8,000-pounders. The curtain will soon go up on the new tragedy in blank verse; and the actors are all dressed up and waiting in the wings. We await the sound of the tapping by the conductor's baton. I think we shall welcome the sound

Budget.—The "mixture as before" was in all circumstances the best tonic we could expect from Dr. Anderson and we are grateful. We shake the bottle and drink the nasty stuff down every day, hoping it will make us better. A brighter gleam was the post-war prospect of a fairer form of motor-car tax, based, I hope, on petrol used and not on horse-power. I noted the warning about inflation. It concerns us all very closely. I think the warning signal already has gone up. I vaguely comprehend how the rise in wages puts up the price of goods produced and leads to inflation. But I am a child in these high, financial and economic matters; I always long to cry out: "O, Sir, please, Sir," and ask my silly question. It is this: We hear that wages have risen by so much per cent. and private incomes by so much. I want to ask "*Whose wages?* Not mine, Sir." I want to ask the silly question: what is the position of the thousands of pre-war employers of labour who find the ceiling demands and the approved wages of their former types of employees all immensely higher, while their own incomes are largely reduced? In short, what is the fate of all those hundreds of thousands of wage earners whose wages are less, not more, and whose incomes have had no share in making the new average of splendidly enhanced earnings? For them, for us, inflation already is not a danger, but a *fact*, and a very unpleasant one. The answer, I suppose, lies in this argument: "Unless you are an industrialist of an essential category, you stew in your own juice. You do not matter to the State. You may hope to benefit some day in some degree by the returning prosperity of the exporters and agriculturists whose prime job of putting Britain on her legs again it will be the State's first task to encourage. Meanwhile, your portion will be patience in hardship, and for many post-war years "the mixture as before."

A Nation of Shopkeepers.—For the first decade of peace, it is clear enough (and wise and right enough and inexorably logical) that we must be a nation of industrious shopkeepers with a vengeance. And it will be the task of every Government we may have to see to it that we *are*, by encouragement applied with carrots before and a stick behind. The arts of peace, the culture of security, except in so far as these can be applied to the dressing of our shop windows and the greater attractiveness of our exportable manufactures in industry, must blush unseen and grow in a cold frame. The architect may hope, and perhaps the music-hall artist—for these arts directly benefit the welfare of the essential industrialist. But, for the rest, that quiet, care-free security which scientific researchers may expect, is not on the map of the future. You cannot paint pictures, write books, compose symphonies, if your day is mortgaged to washing plates, cooking meals, sifting cinders, digging potato patches. And which of these artists, once renowned, can hope to find, to pay, to keep, a cook, or a general, or a part-time help, under the post-war standards of pay and conditions which the post-war reserves of domestic labour will demand as a right? Or to employ a gardener or handyman at £4 a week, with free cottage and perks? Very few. The new effort to improve national education and culture must, by the force of economic necessity, proceed *pari passu* with a steady decline in the national culture which depends on the flourishing of the Arts of Peace. Which is a pity, an unavoidable misfortune

A Parliamentary Novelty.—You and I, plain John Citizens, are told no secrets brewing in Whitehall. We must get our notions of the shape of things to come by reading between the lines or peeping under the flap of the Big Top. We must watch straws in the wind. Of late I have thus got hints that both Parliament and the B.B.C. may yet take a hand in fostering the great post-war ideal to make Britain in very deed a nation of shopkeepers. I do not rule out that, soon after the war ends, the B.B.C. will succumb to carrying trade advertisements, and that voices in Parliament will "slip in," if not unashamedly recommend, new gadgets and patent pills to the public. That reference to the honing of razor blades recently made was a tremendous trifle, a significant pointer, a straw in the wind. It was not *hapax legomenon*, neither. There have of late been other signs and portents that the dignity of Parliament may be further stretched to commercial ends

Theory and Practice in Planning.—I delight in all the pretty architectural pictures of replanned London and replanned Auburn. The St. Paul's Piazza and the sunk garden at Piccadilly Circus are as convincing and attractive as is the residential square of labour-saving cottages, each embowered in its blossoming orchard, designed to replace the damp and crumbling hovels in present-day Auburn. There can be no progress without dreams, no brass-tacks without theory, no works without faith. But theory and practice are all too often at variance and all too sharply distinct. I can almost hear the complaints which will issue from the embowered square at Auburn I note that, in all the planning for homes for workers, consideration is totally given to the *housewife's* point of view. I have been throughout the war a strong upholder of the housewife, whose labours on the Home Front have done so much to win the war and who can look to no reward but from official dewdrops and consideration in replanning, such as this. The trouble to come (as I see it) in the reconstruction of village life is that the ancient criterions and standards have not (and will not) changed. Still to-day and to-morrow the worker, the man, comes first and the housewife is still the first to admit it. The worker must live close to his work. He (and she) would rather live in a hovel close to his work than in a dream house on a site which requires a bicycle ride to and fro. To get results, in water, light and sewerage, at an economic price you must group your housing schemes, and, if you group, you ensure this complaint from half the owners on the estate. Theory marches on, but the bad old notion of pandering to the bread-winner still sticks in Auburn, whether in the matter of Sunday dinner or labour-saving kitchens and running taps

THE MINISTER AND THE MUNITIONS GIRL. Mr. Ernest Bevin recently paid a visit to a war factory, where he was shown round the shops and talked to many of the men and women whom he watched at work. Amongst these was Miss Ruby Loftus, subject of Dame Laura Knight's outstanding picture of a girl factory-worker in last year's Royal Academy. Miss Loftus is one of the most highly-skilled workers in a Welsh Ordnance Factory

Sir Derek Keppel.—Sir Derek Keppel, who served King George V as friend, companion and faithful servant from the King's marriage to his death, outlived his loved master by eight years, and died in his eighties. When the Duke of York married Princess May of Teck in 1893, Sir Derek was the only "household" who attended them in their honeymoon at York Cottage, coming in daily to deal with the vast mass of correspondence. A Norfolk man and neighbour, he had known King George from boyhood, and as the years went by he shared in all the King's pursuits and duties, ever closer and ever more tested in friendship. The King had round him all his life a number of these tested old friends, who shared his memories and jokes and loved his rough chaff. To one and all, he was a master and friend in a million, whose faithfulness and straightness were the sunshine of their lives. And among these faithful old friends, Sir Derek Keppel stood out for his loyalty, his devotion, his selfless service in many capacities. In his looks, in his manners, in his noble, simple, upright character, in his dignity, his grace, his essential kindliness (without which the finest manners are mere technique, and hollow), he was the living, walking model of English chivalry and nobility. a figure of which England, in any phase of social evolution, has good cause to be proud. Of all his great qualities, I fancy his loyalty stands out first. No man has ever given a perfect definition of a "gentleman." The clue may lie in the perfect co-ordination and practice of a number of loyalties—loyalties to a man's own convictions of what is right, and to those whom he serves with single-minded, selfless devotion.

A Peerage Trifle.—At this critical hour in human destiny, the trivial still rubs shoulders with the important and helps not only to sharpen the contrasts, but to preserve the balance of the human mind. And so I read with mild interest that Viscount Mamblas, for many years a familiar figure at the Spanish Embassy, in Clubland and in London Society, a friend and sometimes a candid critic of England, a man of very polished manners and of serious mind, is changing his name. He will be known henceforth as the Duke of San Lucar. It is perhaps an odd time to compare the usages of the Spanish and the British peerages. In Spain a nobleman can in his lifetime cede one of his titles to his son or heir, and that title may be of equal rank with his own. Thus the Duke of Alba's daughter is already a Duchess. In the British peerage, the courtesy-title usage is in a sense (usually) the ceding to the eldest son the use by courtesy of a minor title in the peerage concerned, but that title is never of the same rank with the father's. It is usually one degree, but often more degrees, lower. Indeed, I believe the "proud" dukedom of Somerset can offer its heir nothing higher than the barony of Seymour. In England the "cession" is purely a title of courtesy and creates no peerage rights or privileges. Whether such "cession" under Spanish usage turns the recipient into a peer of Spain I do not know. If it be so, the differences in this usage are two, not one. My note, I admit, is somewhat "off the record." In England even sober conservative journals have of late been questioning the fitness of hereditary peerages in the scheme of modern democracy. I should imagine that in Spain the anomaly is not yet so apparent.

THE OLD STAGER

THE DOMINIONS PREMIERS MEET

The Historic Scene at No. 10 Downing Street Recorded by the Camera, as the Four Overseas Statesmen began their Sessions with Mr. Winston Churchill

THE FIRST MEETING OF THE FOUR DOMINIONS PRIME MINISTERS in the Cabinet Room at No. 10, with Mr. Winston Churchill

Field-Marshal Smuts, of South Africa, is seated on the left; Mr. Mackenzie King, of Canada, is on the Premier's right; Mr. John Curtin, of Australia, on his left; and Mr. Peter Fraser, of New Zealand, on the extreme right. This historic camera record was taken at the first meeting of the Empire Prime Ministers on Monday

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL WITH THE DOMINIONS PREMIERS AND MEMBERS OF THE CABINET in the garden of No. 10 after the first Conference

In this historic picture are the following British and Empire Leaders—from left to right in the first row: Lord Beaverbrook, Lord Woolton, Mr. Lyttelton, Sir John Anderson, Mr. Attlee, Mr. Peter Fraser (New Zealand), Mr. Mackenzie King (Canada), Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. J. Curtin (Australia), Field-Marshal J. Smuts (South Africa), Mr. Anthony Eden, Mr. E. Bevin, Mr. Herbert Morrison, Lord Cranborne and Mr. L. S. Amery. In the second row are: Field-Marshal Sir Alan Brooke, Colonel Denys Reitz, Lord Cherwell, Mr. S. M. Bruce (High Commissioner, Australia), Sir Stafford Cripps, Sir James Grigg Sir Firoz Khan Noon (India), the Maharajah of Kashmir, Sir Godfrey Huggins (Southern Rhodesia), Mr. Oliver Stanley, Mr. A. V. Alexander, Sir Archibald Sinclair, Mr. V. Massey (High Commissioner, Canada), Mr. Brendan Bracken, Mr. Jordan (High Commissioner, New Zealand), Admiral Sir A. Cunningham and Marshal of the Air Force Sir C. Portal. In the back row are: Sir J. Stephenson, Mr. N. Robertson, Sir R. Hopkins, Sir F. Shedden, General Sir T. Blamey, General Stuart, Sir H. Ismay, General Puttick, Mr. Forsyth, Sir E. Machtig, Mr. Mackintosh and Sir E. Bridges

TROOPS FROM THE SKY

Pictures Taken During the Biggest Exercise Yet Carried Out by Airborne Troops in England

Last week airborne troops were employed in one of the biggest exercises yet carried out in this country. Within a space of twenty minutes, scores of gliders landed without a mishap at an English airfield. Guns, ammunition, bicycles and other equipment rained from the skies, whilst on the ground gliders poured out their loads of troops, doctors and stretcher-bearers. The demonstration was part of a large-scale combined operation by the R.A.F. and the British and American Armies. It was watched by Air Chief-Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder, Deputy Supreme Commander of the Allied Expeditionary Forces now gathering in the United Kingdom.

The gliders used (and shown in the pictures reproduced here) were British-made Horsas, which can carry a number of fully-armed soldiers, a jeep or a variety of equipment and supplies. The "tugs" were American Dakotas, as well as British Albemarles. The speed with which the operation was carried out made a great impression on all the observers.

AT THE BEGINNING OF THE EXERCISE : Horsa gliders marshalled into position for moving to the take-off point. These huge, engineless aircraft are British-made : they were towed off the ground by American Dakotas and British Albemarles

EQUIPMENT CONTAINERS BEING CLIPPED TO THE AIRCRAFT. As soon as the airborne troops land, this material is instantly available for immediate ground operations. Note the bulky overalls of the paratroops covering their parachutes

EN ROUTE TO THE LANDING POINT : A paratroop in the aircraft making the final adjustments to his parachute harness and fixing the safety-clips

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A FINE IMPRESSION OF TINY WAKE ISLAND: This Japanese-held islet has been bombed many times by the Americans: the above picture was taken on March 11, when Liberators again returned to the attack. In spite of intensive anti-aircraft fire, all the bombs were on the target. Note the thick plumes of smoke rising from the far side of the island

Wake Island lies about 2,000 miles from Hawaii and Pearl Harbour, on the direct route to Hong Kong. It is a tiny spot, with a big lagoon in its centre, which before the war was an important link in America's communications by air. In all, it has an area of about one square mile. It was annexed by the United States in 1898, and it remained in American possession until December 27, 1941, when it was occupied by the Japs just after Pearl Harbour. It was attacked by American bombers on February 24, 1942, since when it has been a frequent target. The Japs have installed strong anti-aircraft defences on the island; but it is not unlikely that—when the proper moment comes—the Americans will once again enter into possession of this important and strategic speck in the mighty ocean

***On right*—AN AIRFIELD IN THE MARSHALLS, now being repaired for American occupation.** The islands of the Kwajalein atoll in the Marshalls group were captured during the period February 1-5, 1944. This picture shows the terrific devastation caused just before the invasion by the air and sea bombardment of the runways of the airfield on Roi Island. Pitted everywhere with craters, it is obvious that no Jap aircraft could have taken off during the critical invasion period. It will now be the task of the "Seabees" (or Construction Battalions) to rebuild this air base for the use of the American forces

HITLER'S "FORTRESS" STILL YIELDS ITS SECRETS

The Fissures in the "Great West Wall" Through Which Come Details of the German Plans and Activities.

By FERDINAND TUOHY

IT wasn't long before Hitler replied to the drastic new security measures aimed at sealing up the Allies' Second Front secrets inside Britain. While Denmark was cut off from the outside world, German-controlled Vichy fell upon certain diplomatic pouches leaving for Madrid, Lisbon and Berne; and more with the same end in view is to be expected.

Yet the battle for secrecy cannot turn in favour of the Germans at this late day. No matter what bans and interdicts they have recourse to, the Allies will continue to extract more secrets from Hitler's Continental "Fortress" than the Germans can ever hope to get out of Britain—or Russia either. Conditions inside the "Fortress" render this inevitable, and the Germans are as aware of the fact as anybody else. They have only to observe obvious symptoms around them in order to realise that the British Isles are proof against most, if not all, of them.

Have we not wondered, of late, at the degree of certainty with which communication is now regularly sustained with the Resistance movements, with Revolt in the "Fortress"? At times it sounds almost as if one may drop in on the partisans by appointment; or withdraw from them whom one chooses for reasons of political strategy. Liaison with friends of the United Nations in Occupied Europe is so sure that it must provide a non-stop nightmare for the Nazi security services. Just imagine if, in this dramatic hour, we had to sit back in the knowledge that bitter enemies were passing in and out of Britain, under our noses.

A hunted veteran like the French Tory leader, Louis Marin, can get to England, from Vichy, just when he wants to; and doubtless a mine of useful information the old diehard proved himself to be. Pre-ordained arrivals are even signalled from the relatively far-off Polish Underground. Who shall be wanted to-morrow from the "Fortress"? And who returns thither?

"Stalin has ears everywhere," wrote Goebbels recently. There is another stark prospect for the German General Staff, which knows that it is no exaggeration. The Red Army has paid tribute to its information services, reaching well back into the heart of Europe and reposing now on active partisans, now on sympathisers in enemy-held centres.

One can well imagine the hidden tic-tac services that have been devised across a continent, the smothered passing-on of information from group to group, a kind of drum-telegraphy of the African bush. Nor is it stretching things to picture the working man, forced to labour for Hitler, as time and again in a position to observe matters of military consequence; as the railwayman, keen-minded and hating.

Then there is the growing leakage associated with police, functionaries and Civil Servants nominally collaborating with the Germans. Such people have to be let in a little on the inside, and the Germans know that less and less of them can now be trusted; that more and more are buying their way back to safety by helping their Resistance movements, not least by the supply of first-hand information.

In this kind of war, it is never too late for a rat to mend, of such value can an intelligent rat be, and it is good to see from the latest underground papers how officialdom and the police are being pressed to make the liaison with partisans, the latter so organised as to be in constant touch with the Allies.

As invasion spreads, the Allies will run the risk of their men talking after capture, under tricks, deprivation and for less worthy reasons, but we have no huge numbers of vassals and unwilling conscripts, hundreds of thousands of men only dreaming of how to cross over, and thereafter ready to tell all they know with a will and fervour.

But now take a trip in the mind's eye inside Germany. There you find another cause of constant disquiet in the not-so-secret "Fortress": the millions of foreign labour-conscripts. Working in war factories and on public utilities when not on the land and on menial duties, these labour-slaves pick up local details which work well into the general mosaic of knowledge of the "Fortress," and there is always an escaping trickle ready to relate everything. This menace to Nazi secrecy is such that notices have gone up, warning Germans "Don't talk with a foreigner. Remember he is your enemy!" A poster warns against "The Shadow" who is listening; the portrayal being of a Tom Walls figure with slouch hat pulled well forward. A British Intelligence officer, it seems, weaving in and out of the foreign workers, collecting what they know!

Fugitives from the Reich gain in value, thanks to what they glean during the weeks and months they often spend in passing from Germany to neutral and Allied territory.

Almost wherever you turn, the "Fortress" has fissures. In a recent order of the day, von Rundstedt spoke of the West Wall as infested with British spies and saboteurs—though whether he implied of British nationality was not clear. We do know that "peep" raids have for long been the rule; Commando units landing in darkness and probing key-points. And Allied air mastery switches on another arc-lamp over the "Fortress," vast areas of the invasion jigsaw having been fitted together by the cameras of reconnaissance aircraft. It is safe to say that for one German spy-plane that ventures over here, ten or more Allied spy-planes dart about above the Continent.

The Germans have been very talkative about their West Wall, and whether it be done to hoodwink us or to sustain German home morale, silence had been better for them; the silence we kept in 1940 when we had nothing to talk about. The need that Goebbels sees to goad German morale has never been necessary here, least of all in this silent, secret hour; and that, too, contributes to our knowledge of over there.

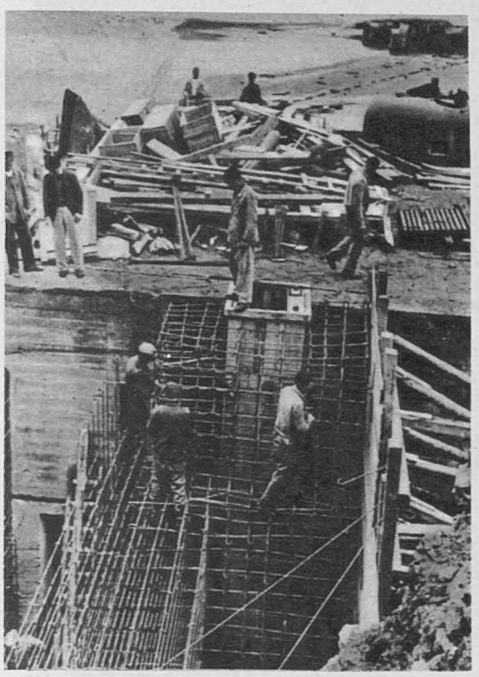
Then there is the necessity under which Germany labours of keeping in touch with the neutrals or co-belligerents. She cannot afford suddenly to ban travel. Too much of her vital war industry is dependent on these European countries outside the war, and the result is a business *va-et-vient*, with its attendant risks of information seeping out either intentionally or through blabbing. The Germans have taken this matter in hand, but they cannot be sure even of their own nationals once these get outside the hell that is current Germany. German deserters from the sinking ship, both military and civilian, are a growing company.

Hundreds are crossing over into neutral territory, if we hear only of star performers like Fraulein Kapp, Karl Kleckowski, Captain Hamberger, Dr. Vermehren and his Graefin Elizabeth. These were either on Gestapo work or accredited correspondents, two more of whom have ratted in Finland. These kind of people are worth their weight in wolfram as informants about the state of affairs inside the "Fortress," and how can Hitler hope to draw kindred ratters from the Allied countries?

Not that we haven't to be on our guard. Intricate machinery must be constantly at work to put us off the track, to lead us pretty dances, to spread optimism and, alternatively, pessimism. The Germans are past-masters at the business, notably in the "windows" looking on Occupied Europe.

Meanwhile, neutral correspondents in Germany get strafed by Goebbels for indiscretions, to say nothing of their commentating German colleagues. Goebbels is hoist by his own petard of mammoth doping and publicity, and he cannot shut up now.

So much for the obvious leakages from Hitler's "Fortress"—all well known in both camps, all incapable of being plugged at this time of day. Other means and methods of maintaining contact with what goes on over there I leave to your conjecturing.



"THE FORTIFICATION OF THE ATLANTIC WALL": A heavily reinforced fortress under construction on the French coast: this picture gives an idea of the great depth to which Hitler is sinking his much-boasted defences. Note the concrete gun-turret on the right

A MIXED CROWD OF "DEFENDERS OF THE EUROPEAN FORTRESS" INSPECTED BY ROMMEL: Filling the gaps in their ranks, the Germans are using odd units of various nationalities to man their defences. Slovaks, Lithuanians, Alsatians and Muslims from Yugoslavia have all been put into German uniforms and asked to defend the Aryans. This is one of the latest additions to the *Wehrmacht*—a small unit composed of dissident Indians whom the German propaganda machine calls "The Free Indian Forces." The picture was taken during an inspection by Marshal Rommel on the "Bay of Biscay Coastal Sector"

ONE OF THE GERMAN ANTI-INVASION DEFENCES: "A concrete bunker on the shore of the French Riviera coast." For some months past the German propaganda services have been distributing pictures similar to this—presumably to impress the neutrals and to scarce the Allies!

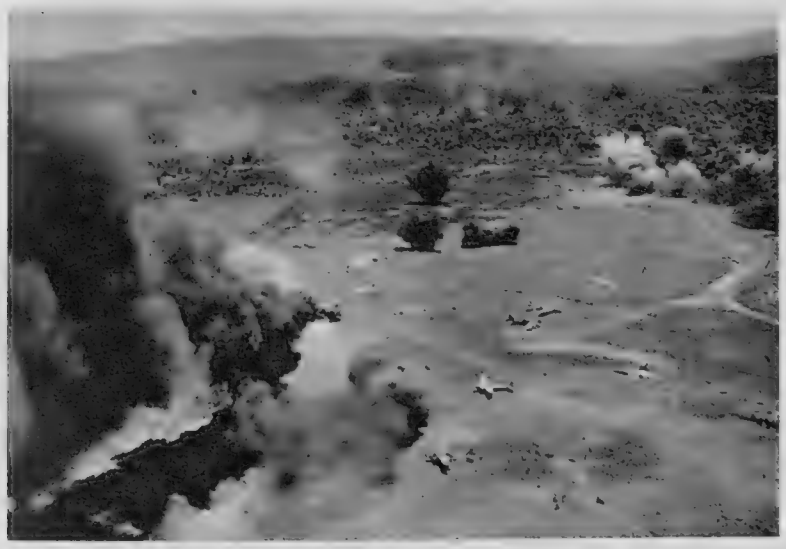
—AND THE POLES STILL POUR SCORN ON THE GERMANS: These two signs were painted up in Warsaw by members of the Polish Underground Movement. The sign at the top, painted on the Poniatowski Bridge over the River Vistula, reads "Germany Broken 1918-1943"; the lower sign, on the Kosciuszko Boulevard, says "Poland will triumph"

The CAPTURE of HOLLANDIA

And the Air Raids which Paved the Way for the Landings

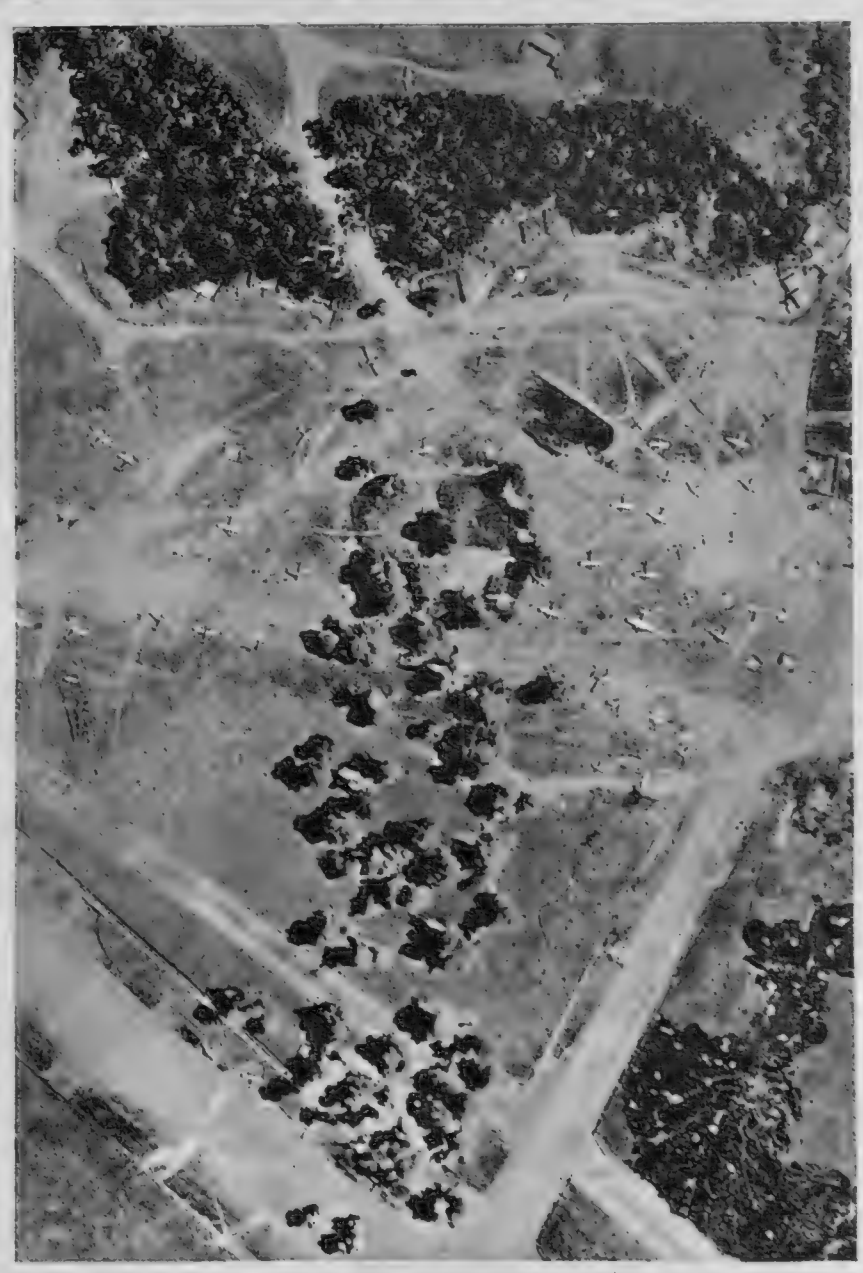
Towards the end of April, General MacArthur made the dramatic announcement of the capture of the Humboldt Bay region in New Guinea and the occupation of Hollandia. In the latter area, the air bases used by the Japs were captured and are now being used for further operations against the enemy. Paving the way for the huge Allied landings on April 22 on the northern coast of New Guinea, the Allied air forces carried out heavy air raids on the Hollandia airfields. The pictures reproduced here were taken during the three-day attacks by the aircraft of the Fifth U.S. Air Force. The Japanese lost a total of 288 planes: most of these were destroyed on the ground—burned and strafed as they stood lined up on the airfields like clay pigeons. The three-pronged landings which followed this preliminary air bombardment were made by the largest ground and naval forces ever assembled to attack the enemy in the Pacific

THE AIRFIELD AT HOLLANDIA before the Allied landings on the northern coast of New Guinea. Wrecked and shattered Japanese aircraft litter the airfield after the U.S. attack, while great clouds of smoke and fire rise from the blasted targets. In the centre of the picture, a white parachute with a deadly bomb attached floats slowly downwards



SMOKE RISES FROM PRACTICALLY EVERY POINT on the Japanese airfield at Hollandia as Liberators of the Fifth U.S. Air Force skim across, unleashing their deadly load of high explosives

WRECKED INSTALLATIONS AND BURNING ENEMY AIRCRAFT after the devastating surprise attack by the Americans at Hollandia before the Allied invasion forces went ashore



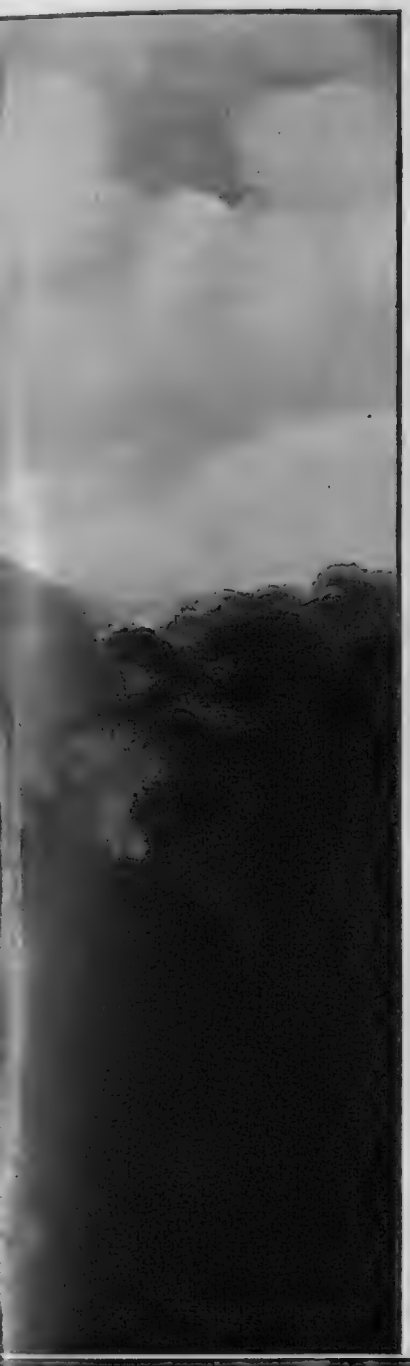
A STRING OF BOMBS FROM THE FIRST GROUP OF B24 LIBERATORS "walks" across the Japanese airfield at Hollandia, annihilating dozens of enemy bombers and fighters spread helpless on the ground. In all, a total of 288 Jap planes were destroyed before the Allied troops went ashore—a crippling loss to the enemy during the ensuing operations on sea and land

THE AIR SIDE OF THE WAR IN BURMA: ALL THE AIR OPERATIONS ARE CARRIED OUT OVER JUNGLE AND RIVER COUNTRY, where the pilots need sharp eyes to detect the enemy's movements. This scene shows a group of fighter-reconnaissance Hurricanes attacking Jap positions in the Tiddim Road area—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

It is admitted on all hands that, in the air over the fighting fronts in Burma, the R.A.F. hold a decided mastery. Especially during the long and difficult withdrawals of Allied troops to Imphal—notably that of the 17th Division from Tiddim—the R.A.F. prevented Jap air interference: this gave the British command freedom of movement for the consolidation of the Imphal defences—a precious asset. A fighter-reconnaissance squadron of Hurricanes, the only one of its kind in this area, has been operating under Army control, searching out targets between Tiddim and Kohima, and strafing the Japs whenever opportunity offered. Flying over the jungle country is not ideal work for fighter aircraft, but few opportunities have been missed by the keen-eyed pilots

***On left*—DURING THE JAP ATTACKS ON MANIPUR, the enemy raid all the native villages for food**
—Drawing by W. G. Whitaker

Apparently in order to travel as light as possible, Japanese columns have been raiding native villages for food supplies. Cattle and rice are the chief commodities carried off by the raiders. If supplies of food are not obtained in this way, the Japanese trooper goes hungry. This makes him a very hungry customer as a raider. The Naga villages around Imphal and Kohima have not been spared; the villagers do a good deal of work for the wealthier Manipuri. The drawing here shows some would-be Japanese raiders being checked by an Allied scouting party. The huts of the Naga villagers are quite well built, although the heavy thatch of the roofs has a somewhat shaggy appearance. The walls of the dwellings are neatly constructed, and each hut is built up on a base, raised some two or three feet from the ground. Most of the villagers possess neatly woven baskets in which food and other articles are carried or stored



DURING THE FIGHTING FOR IMPHAL: One of the "intense little battles" in the hills of the Manipur Plain—a scene on the Imphal-Tammu Road when the Japs were driven out after eighteen days—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

Intense little battles were fought in the hills around the Manipur Plain as the Japanese sought to gain strategic positions or as the British and Indian troops pushed the enemy off vantage points. One such fight took place on the Imphal-Tammu Road. The enemy units were killed or taken prisoner at a point overlooking the road after occupying it for eighteen days. For more than a fortnight intermittent attempts were made to prise the enemy from a position from which they were able to fire at our motor transport. They resisted the efforts of tanks, bombers and infantry to shift them: then, after an air bombardment, men of a West Country regiment cleared the greater part of the hill. That night Japanese from lower down the slopes counter-attacked four times. At dawn there were forty-eight Japanese dead on the wire around our position.

A few hours later the last enemy gun-post was disposed of

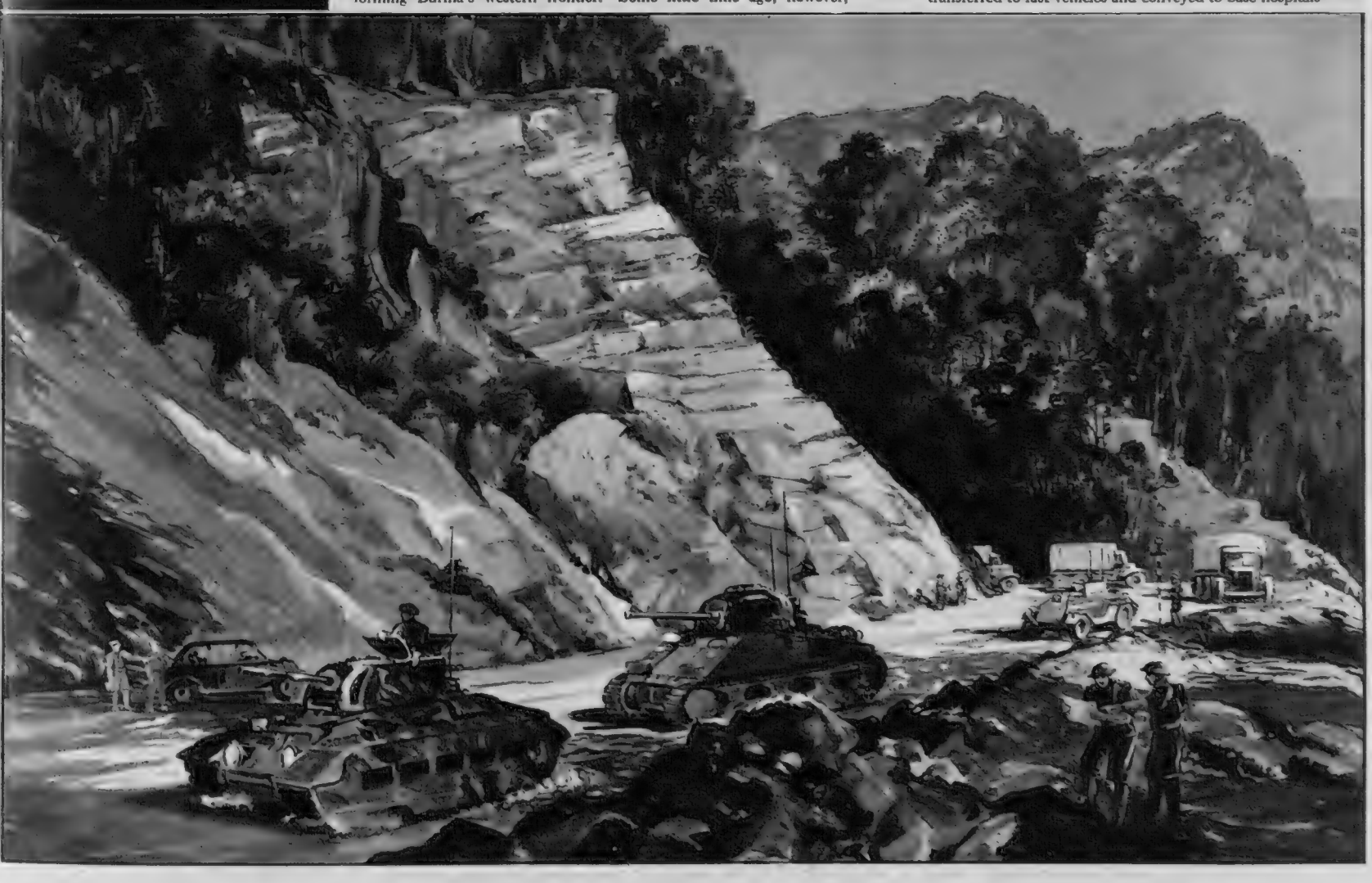
The FIGHTING in BURMA

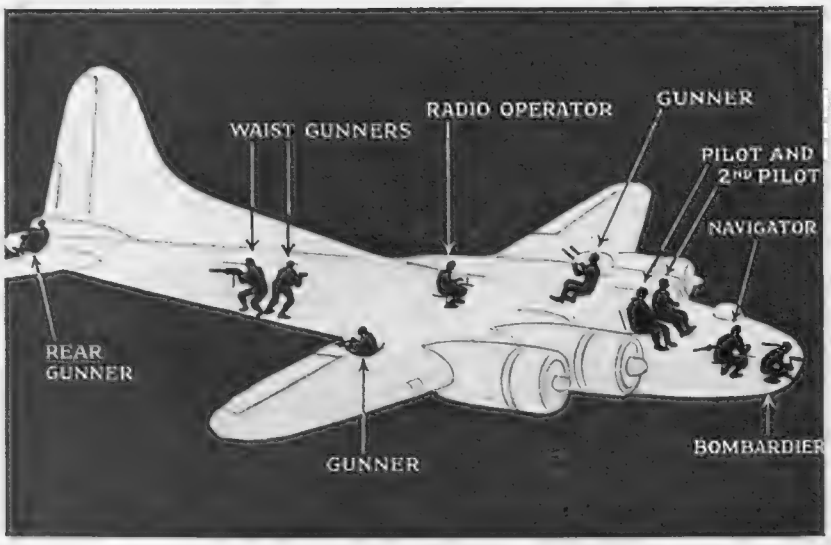
Scenes during the Struggle in the Manipur Plain around Kohima

—*Special Sphere Drawings*

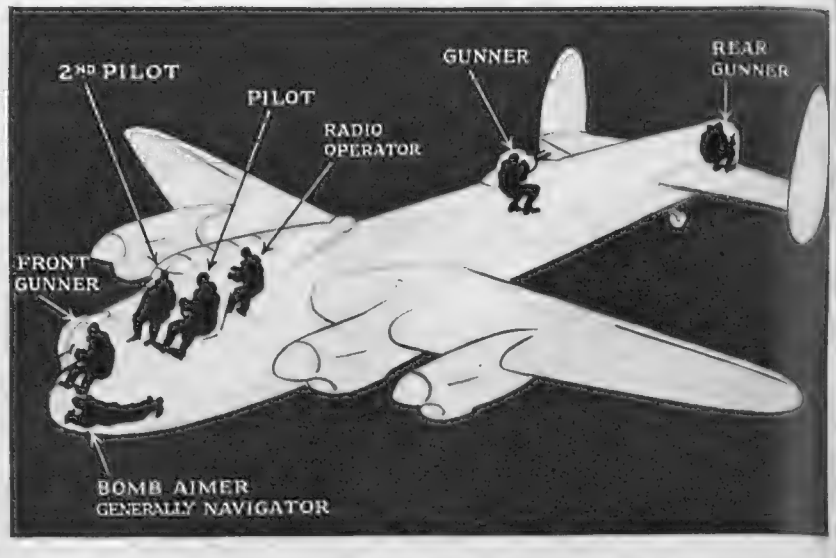
***Below*—A BRITISH RELIEF COLUMN IS RUSHED TO KOHIMA TO EVACUATE THE WOUNDED—a scene on the main road to Dimapur**—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

For many years all connections between India and Burma were by sea: it was a much easier route than the parallel jungle barriers forming Burma's western frontier. Some little time ago, however, an all-weather road was cut from Dimapur in Northern Assam, through the intervening hills and past mountain peaks, to the little border state of Manipur. In many places the road clings to the mountain-sides at about 5,000 ft. above sea-level. Between Dimapur and Kohima this road climbs all the way; after Kohima station is passed, the descent is persistent all the way to the plain of Manipur. Occasionally the road dips where the streams cut across its path. The section of road shown here is between Kohima and Dimapur: it is on this road that a dash was made by a special relief force for the purpose of evacuating wounded from Kohima. This was successfully accomplished, the wounded being transferred to fast vehicles and conveyed to base hospitals

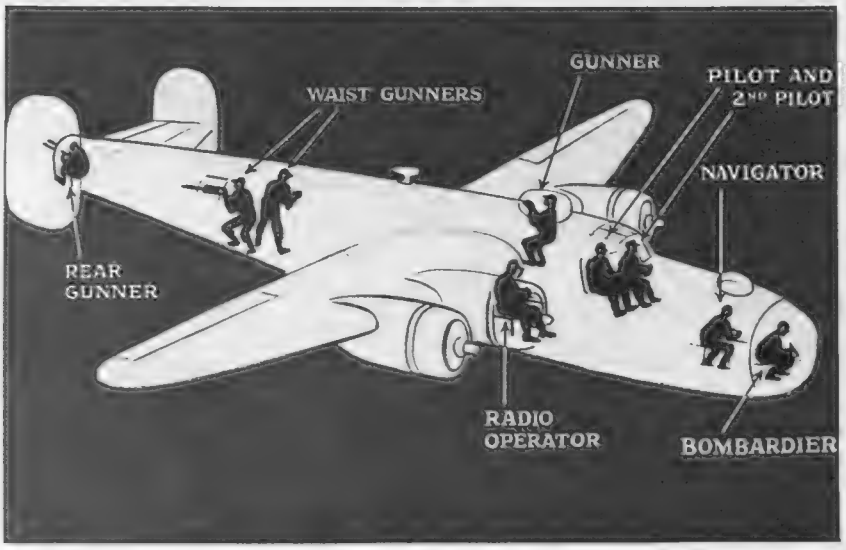




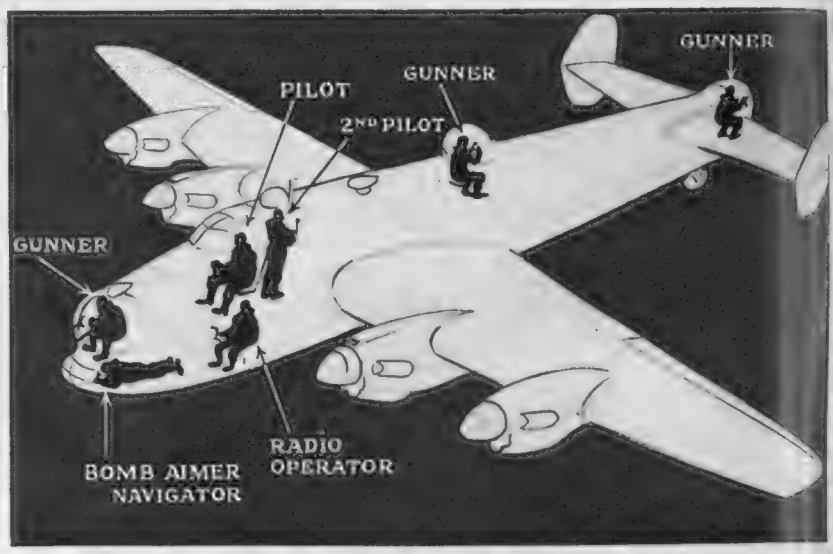
TEN MEN MAKE UP THE CREW OF A FORTRESS, DISPOSED IN THIS FASHION



THE BRITISH FOUR-ENGINED LANCASTER CARRIES A CREW OF SEVEN



THE AMERICAN LIBERATOR BOMBER USUALLY CARRIES A CREW OF NINE



THE HALIFAX ALSO HAS A CREW OF SEVEN, OF WHOM FIVE ARE FORWARD

THE BIG BOMBERS

And the Crews They Carry on Night and Day Operations Over Germany

How the crews of the big day and night bombers are disposed within the aircraft: The four types shown by Mr. Roland Davies in the silhouette drawings above are the American Flying Fortress and Liberator and the British Lancaster and Halifax: these are the "heavies" which are maintaining the day and night offensive over Germany and the occupied territories. The American aircraft carry a greater number of aircrew than their British equivalents: in the Fortress, there are no fewer than five gunners, in addition to the pilots, navigator, bombardier and radio operator; in the Liberator there are four. The two British aircraft, however, usually carry only three gunners. Lancasters and Halifaxes only bomb by night and the gunners are there to ward off Nazi night fighters. The Fortresses and Liberators only bomb by day, and frequently they have to fight their way in to the target and out of it—hence the necessity for a gunner at every angle

WHAT CAN HAPPEN TO A BOMBER WHEN IT MAKES A HEAVY LANDING. This is a Mitchell B25 medium bomber: whilst being flown by a Naval pilot the aircraft landed at the Washington National Airport, overran the landing-strip and plunged down a 20-ft. embankment. The result was that the aircraft broke its back, the fuselage splitting aft of the pilot's cockpit. None of the crew was seriously injured!

LIBERATORS ON THEIR WAY TO BOMB FRANCE BY DAYLIGHT: These big American aircraft carry a crew of nine men, as indicated in one of the silhouette drawings given on the facing page: four of these men are air-gunners. Invariably, when carrying out their hazardous daylight operations, the "heavies" fly in close formation, as indicated in the above picture. This is in order to bring the heaviest weight of fire-power to bear on the Nazi fighter aircraft, which come up in swarms to contest the air with the invaders. The sixteen bombers seen here can bring no fewer than sixty-four machine-guns to bear on the enemy, the whole formation thus literally bristling with guns. The formations are usually "stepped-up" from front to rear, and each aircraft supports its neighbour in a carefully thought-out plan. It is only by the adoption of such combat technique that the daylight raiding of Germany and France has been rendered possible. This picture was taken on April 10 as the force of Liberators was approaching Bourges, south-east of Orleans, for an attack on the aircraft assembly plant and transport base which the Germans have established there

A.D.G.B., THE INITIALS WHICH DENOTE THE NEW ORGANISATION WHICH HAS TAKEN THE PLACE OF FIGHTER COMMAND. Mosquitoes of the Air Defence of Great Britain, ranging as far as the Bay of Biscay, shoot down three Junkers 88's—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

After a long and memorable career, Fighter Command was abolished some months ago and the Air Defence of Great Britain was launched in its place. Now the initials "A.D.G.B." are creeping into the communiques from the Air Ministry to baffle those who still remain in ignorance of the change-over. The Air Defence of Great Britain is not only concerned with patrolling the shores of this country: its long-range aircraft fly out as far as the Bay of Biscay. Recently seven Nazi planes, operating from French bases in attempts to interrupt the anti-U-boat reconnaissance in that area, were destroyed in one day and others were damaged. Two of the Nazi Junkers 88's were shot down by A.D.G.B. Mosquitoes in the morning, and another three were brought down by similar aircraft in the afternoon

FROM THE FIGHTING AREAS IN ITALY

Scenes from the Anzio Beachhead and the Garigliano River Battlefield

—Special Sphere Drawings

The drawing by Mr. Osmond on the right illustrates one of the most successful raids carried out by British troops in the bridgehead during recent weeks. It was made by a force of infantrymen, supported by tanks and tank-destroyers, who took sixty-one prisoners, killed nineteen Germans, wounded many more, and wrecked enemy strongpoints three miles behind the enemy's lines across the Pontine Marshes.

The raid was carried out without any artillery preparation and caught the Germans completely by surprise. The attacking force returned without a single casualty. The Allied troops set off soon after 4 a.m. by the light of a waning moon, sappers going ahead to clear mines from the path of the tanks. As they crept up the road they passed a house where they heard the sound of a party. The advance guard continued with their task, but the men following stopped at the house. The occupants were having a drinking party and were unaware that anything was amiss until their captors arrived.

The operation lasted only six hours. The only loss suffered was one tank, which struck a mine. Members of the raiding force, back at their headquarters, told how they had chased the enemy. They found only one among the whole lot who was not glad to be a prisoner. The raid was officially described as a reconnaissance in force and was carried out to capture prisoners, not to take territory. As usual, on the night before such early-morning sorties the raiders painted their faces with streaks of green, black and yellow paint.

"HOMES" OF THE EIGHTH ARMY: A tank crew up in the fighting area. The men of the Eighth Army on active service live in many different kinds of billets which they call "Home." The contrasts are great—the infantryman's home consists of a hole in the ground; troops a little farther from the line are fortunate if they find a half-demolished house in which to shelter; others are fortunate enough to find undamaged houses. Some rely—and even prefer—to live in their "bivvies." Here a group of New Zealand tank men are working and resting in front of their own special mobile home—a tent extension from the tank, which can be erected in a few minutes

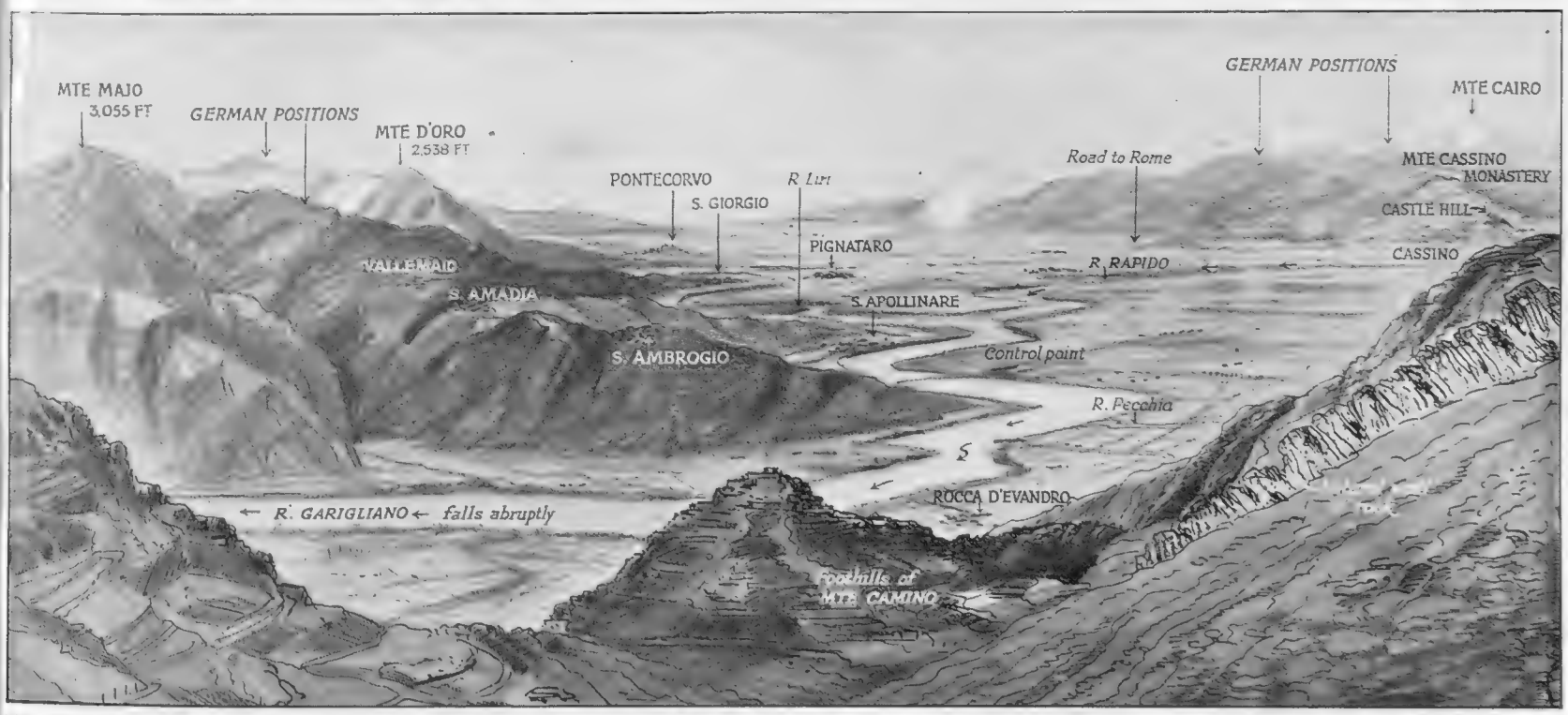
WITHIN THE ANZIO BRIDGEHEAD perimeter: one of them

THE CEASELESS LANDING OF ALLIED STORES IN THE ANZIO BEACHHEAD, a work which proceeds steadily in spite of German air attacks. This drawing shows a Liberty ship transhipping stores and equipment into a Tank Landing Craft for transference to the shore (See notes at right)—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

On left—Even the side gangway of the landing-craft are used to carr the immense amount of equipmen required in the beachhead. Th Liberty ship is so well fitted wit derricks and winches as to be en tirely independent of shore gear fo unloading. Note the heavy "jumbo derrick stowed up the foremast, an which is used for exceptionally heav lifts: note also the life-rafts of t Liberty ship; these are kept special launching-ways ready to dropped in the water at an instan notice. The enemy has tried to di rupt the landing operations by lon range shelling with 210-mm. gun

Ever since the Allied landing Anzio in January last, military store and equipment of all kinds hav been landed in a continuous stream broken only for short periods whe excessively rough seas made landin operations impossible. The store landed have been disposed in dump on shore in such a way as to minimis the effects of enemy shelling an bombing. The situation in th beachhead to-day is one of grea interest. The piling-up of store continues without cease, and th Germans have many times stresse that an offensive is "imminent possibly to coincide with the openi of a "Second Front" operatio Only subsequent developments w reveal the meaning of the buildin up of this small area into what virtually a great military store-hous At any moment now, the solutio may come

THERE HAS BEEN A PAUSE IN MAJOR OPERATIONS. In place of these, large-scale raids have been made by British troops in enemy-held territory around the depicted in the drawing above. It illustrates a big raid made last month when infantrymen, tanks and tank-destroyers penetrated three miles behind the German lines across the Pontine Marshes and took sixty-one prisoners *(See notes at left)*—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*



THE PROLONGED STAND ON THE GARIGLIANO FRONT, where rapid oscillations in the river level have puzzled the Allied forces. Controlled by the Germans, the river level has suddenly dropped five feet, and then risen again. This drawing shows a view of the Plain where the control points probably exist, as seen from the slopes of Monte Camino—*Drawing by Percy Home*

The situation on the Garigliano front (which extends from the sea to the Liri Plain) was recently bettered by a small extension of territory on the extreme left, in a direction north-west of Minturno. This was doubtless done in order to make the butt end of the line more "comfortable." But another occurrence affected the whole length of the line and especially the supply of food and ammunition to the Allied forces: this was the sudden fall of the river by some five feet, followed soon afterwards by a rapid rise above the normal level. Enemy action higher up the river was responsible for this: it gave the engineers responsible for the maintenance of the pontoon bridges a good deal to think about. If the enemy were in a position to dam up a sufficient body of water and then release it in a torrent, bridges might be swept away or submerged: damage and delay would in any case result. The plain through which the Liri and Rapido Rivers and their tributaries flow is flat and marshy, and it is probable that control weirs already in existence can be operated, but the bulk of the water may be limited by the height of the river-banks. The drawing above shows the junction point of the Garigliano, Liri and Rapido Rivers, as seen from the Camino heights

WINTER IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC

Four Months of Heavy, Ice-laden Weather for the Ships of the Royal Navy on Anti-U-boat Patrol

Those who have to deal with the sea have very often a "sixth sense" which enables them to foresee, as it were by instinct, the kind of weather they may have to endure in the course of the forthcoming weeks. An example of this occurred in the autumn of last year when officers of H.M. ships foretold a stiff winter in the North Atlantic. This pre-judgment was fully justified. Ships of the Royal Navy, the Royal Canadian Navy and Allied vessels have endured four months of bitter weather, necessitating much additional strain and watchfulness. The ordinary cold weather has often hardened overnight, with a bitter icy wind. The pitching vessel would then receive a fresh coating of ice with every plunge until, in some cases, the weight of it on the ship would begin to endanger her stability. Every rope and iron stanchion would become encased, in addition to the heavier masses of ice which would form on any flat or shelving surface. Large lumps of ice would sometimes fall with a crash to the deck, endangering the safety of the crew.

ONE OF THE BIG SHIPS OF THE ROYAL NAVY IN ROUGH WEATHER, with a heavy sea breaking over the fo'c'sle. This vessel is the *Rodney*, a battleship of 38,000 tons launched in December 1925 and still doing valuable work at sea. Sister-ship to the *Nelson*, she mounts 16-in. guns and carries a complement of over 1,300 officers and men. Her cost to the nation was over £7,600,000

In the drawing on the right a British escort destroyer of 1,250 tons is depicted. Some of these smaller vessels—the corvettes, for instance—became loaded up with ice: in one case, a vessel of this type was estimated by her officers to have carried 500 tons, half her own displacement. For seventeen hours it continued to increase, although efforts were made to chip it away. The slender foremast became so heavily crusted that it broke, and the top weight given by the solid formations of ice began to give the ship a list to port. In some parts of the ship where ice, snow and sea water had collected, the crew kept their watches standing in nearly a foot of freezing slush. Although the crew worked for hours, the anchor and anchor chains were still frozen when the ship eventually got into port. It took two days to chip away the solid mass of ice.

ONE OF THE SMALLEST DESTROYERS IN THE ROYAL NAVY: The Hunt class destroyer "Holderness" ploughing through rough seas during a winter patrol in the North Sea—a picture taken from the deck of the corvette "Mallard"

The Hunt class are mostly vessels of 904 tons, though some of them are thought to be of an enlarged and modified design. They are 272 ft. in length with a beam of 28 ft., and they have a speed of 27½ knots. The Hunts were all (except two) laid down in 1939 under the programme for that year, and they were completed in 1940: they have since done fine service in the North Sea and elsewhere. The armament consists of four 4-in. guns and eight smaller weapons. In a rough sea, they provide anything but a stable platform for their crew!

WINTRY CONDITIONS IN THE ATLANTIC ARE ONLY NOW DRAWING TO A CLOSE. THE FIFTH WAR WINTER HAS PROVED A VERY HARD ONE FOR THE SHIPS OF THE ROYAL NAVY, which have had to go out under any and every weather disability. Here an escort-type destroyer (of about 1,250 tons) is making heavy going in a turbulent sea and in ice-forming conditions which have sheathed her from stem to stern—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

ONE OF BRITAIN'S LATEST U-BOAT HUNTERS—A NEW CLASS OF DESTROYER. This picture was taken in the North Atlantic recently when some of these newest additions to the Royal Navy went out on an anti-submarine patrol in wintry weather. Racing through the heavy seas at top speed, this destroyer seems almost to be leaping out of the water

AMERICAN LIBERTY SHIPS ON THE ARCTIC ROUTE TO RUSSIA, carrying supplies of all kinds for the Red Army, as well as food and raw materials. Soon the Arctic route will be supplemented by a Pacific route as well—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

LEND-LEASE for RUSSIA

The Huge Volume of Equipment and Supplies Sent to the Soviet by the United States

Although it is generally known that the amount of Lend-Lease material sent to Russia by Britain and the United States has been very great, few people in this country can have realised what enormous quantities have, in fact, been dispatched. A recent report from America shows what the contribution of the United States alone has been.

In January and February 1944 more than 1,000,000 tons of munitions and other war supplies were shipped. In January and February 1943 the figure was 670,000 tons. In the same period of 1942 they totalled 200,000 tons. From the beginning of the programme in October 1941 to March 1, 1944, more than 9,500,000 tons of supplies were shipped from the United States to the Soviet Union. Up to March 1, 1944, more than 8,800 planes had been sent to the Soviet Union from the United States, either by air or by sea. Most Soviet planes were produced in Russian factories, but many squadrons of the Red Air Force were flying P.39 Airacobras, P.40 Warhawks, Douglas A.20 attack bombers, and B.25 Medium Marauders.

Hitherto most of the supplies reaching Russia under Lend-Lease agreements with the United States have gone by way of the Arctic route to Murmansk. Shortly, however, a new route will be opened (or greatly amplified)—across the Pacific: by this means, supplies will be shipped from American West Coast ports, as well as from the East coast. The existing volume of traffic across the Pacific has been comparatively slight

Other weapons and equipment supplied included:

Tanks and tank-destroyers	5,200
Trucks	190,000
Jeeps	36,000
Other military motor vehicles	30,000
Army boots (pairs)	7,000,000
Field telephone wire (miles)	850,000

Locomotives, railway wagons, railway lines, wheels and axles have also been shipped.

Raw materials included:	TONS
Steel	1,450,000
Non-ferrous metals	420,000
Explosives	200,000

Food shipments totalled 2,600,000 tons, including 100,000 tons of "Tushonka," a canned pork product prepared from a Russian recipe. More than 640,000 tons of lard, pork fat and vegetable oils, and 51,000 tons of butter have been sent with 13,000 tons of seeds for Russian farmers.

IT IS ALWAYS "RUSH TIME" AT MURMANSK: A scene just after the arrival of British and U.S. supplies for Russia under Lend-Lease

MANY OF THE BATTLES ON THE RUSSIAN FRONT HAVE BEEN FOUGHT AND WON LARGELY THROUGH AMERICAN AID. The jeep is everywhere in Russia—36,000 of them—hauling guns, cars, supplies, even light tanks, and for a score of other purposes. American lorries—190,000 of them—have been used for the heaviest work, because most of them have six- or eight-wheel drive—*Drawing by H. P. Burton*

THE CROWDED HARBOUR AT MURMANSK. This picture was taken in 1943 when Allied aid to Russia was reaching a peak. The ocean-going steamers are all flying British or American flags and had just arrived with their holds and decks packed with war material for the Red Army's many offensives against the Germans

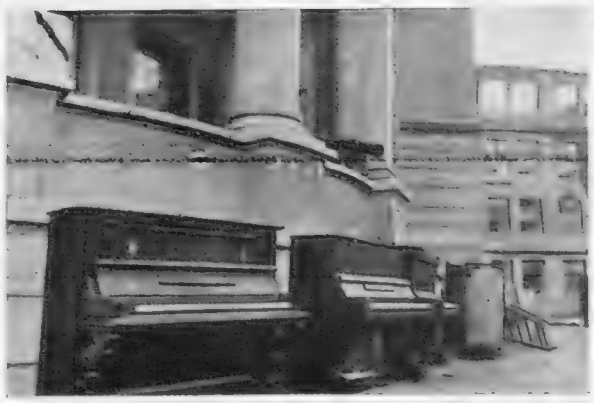
A TELLING PICTURE FROM THE GERMAN FRONT IN RUSSIA: It comes from Germany itself, *via* a neutral country, and bears the following description: "Still Partisan war! Even near the Rumanian border, partisan detachments operate behind the German lines and occupy many German Divisions." These Nazi troops are operating from snow-covered defence positions: obviously, they are picked troops, well provided with more suitable cold-weather clothing than in the disastrous (for the Germans) winter of 1942

AN IDEA FOR THE SNOW-AND-ICE WARFARE OF THE FAR NORTHERN FRONT IN RUSSIA: A circular portable tent, built after the Finnish model, is transported by Nazi soldiers during their retreat on the Eastern Front

IN LIBERATED ODESSA: A German vessel in the harbour sunk by the Soviet Air Force before the Russian occupation of the city

Trains and automobiles which the Germans had intended to evacuate, abandoned by them in Odessa and now being used by the Russians

Tank cars, filled with oil, which the Germans also had to leave behind when they fled from the great city of Odessa



The Nazis planned to take away all the pianos in the Odessa Conservatory. They were given no time by the Russians to do so

Inhabitants tearing down defence works put up by the Germans in Odessa, where normal life has already been resumed by the Russians

NEWS PICTURES OF WAR ACTIVITIES in Many Parts of the World

THE FIRST AMERICAN SERVICEWOMEN TO ARRIVE IN HAWAII: This company of W.A.C.S. was the first to be assigned to duties in the Central Pacific area. The women are to work with the U.S. Air Transport Command, to relieve men needed farther south in the Pacific war-zone. Hawaii is the island in which Pearl Harbour is situated

A FURTHER DEVELOPMENT IN THE HELICOPTER. This machine was first displayed to the public at Philadelphia, when it was demonstrated by Mr. Frank N. Piasecki. In the picture, the helicopter is almost stationary; but it can attain a speed of 90 miles per hour and it can land within an area only 50-ft. square. It has been built by the P.V. Engineering Forum, of which Mr. Piasecki is the President

AN EXAMPLE OF PRECISION BOMBING when the R.A.F. hit the Field Air Park and Signals Equipment Depot at St. Cyr, in France. On the night of April 10-11, Lancasters of Bomber Command attacked St. Cyr, near Versailles, where the Nazis have installed a Field Air Park and Signals Equipment Depot. Considerable damage to many of the buildings was wrought. The picture on the left was taken before the attack: it shows the group of buildings believed to contain large stores of signals and radio equipment for the use of the *Luftwaffe*. The picture on the right shows the same building after the bombing. Lancasters carrying 8,000-lb. bombs produced this remarkable example of precision attack There is practically complete devastation

A FRENCH POLITICIAN ESCAPES FROM FRANCE. Louis Marin, well-known politician who baffled the Vichy Police, is now in London. To effect his escape, he sacrificed his walrus moustache, dyed his hair, combed it a different way and schooled himself to look as he did twenty-five years ago. It is now considered certain that General de Gaulle will offer M. Marin a seat in the French National Government

THREE INDIAN SOLDIERS DECORATED BY GENERAL AUCHINLECK. During a recent visit to the Field Artillery Training Centre and other units at Muttra, in the Punjab, the Commander-in-Chief decorated these three men: they are Subadar-Major Jawan Khan, Subadar-Major Sipahi Singh and Jemadar Bahadur Khan. The first two received the O.B.I. (2nd class) and the latter the I.D.S.M. for bravery at Bir Hacheim

DECORATIONS AWARDED TO BRITISH, FRENCH, POLISH AND AMERICAN OFFICERS IN ALGIERS: General Sir H. Maitland Wilson saluting at the presentation of arms. At a ceremony held recently in the square of the Palace du Gouvernement, in Algiers, decorations were awarded to British, French, Polish and American officers. The salute was taken by General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, Supreme Commander in the Mediterranean, General Devers, Deputy Commander, presented the awards

AN ADDRESS BY THE GENERALISSIMO. Marshal Chiang Kai-shek is here seen addressing Chinese soldiers undergoing training under U.S. Army instructors at the Infantry Training Centre in Kwangsi Province. Here Chinese officers and men are trained in the use of modern American weapons. The Director of the School is Brigadier-General Thomas S. Arms

CHINESE AT WORK ON AIRFIELD CONSTRUCTION: Long lines of labourers use every conceivable means of conveyance in transporting stones and earth to build the runway. The aircraft is a Liberator

MIXING A "BINDER" to pour over broken rocks to solidify the runways of a Chinese airfield. Lack of modern equipment and machinery is not stopping the resourceful Chinese from building modern airfields. Three hundred thousand workers have been conscripted to do the job, and a hundred thousand little hand-made wheelbarrows are used to transport materials: even the chipping of stones for the runways is done by hand. American engineers, working in conjunction with Chinese Army engineers, are supervising the work. As fast as the runways are completed, they are being put into immediate operation

A VOLCANIC ERUPTION IN THE ALEUTIANS. An American naval air transport is here seen passing near the Veniamenof Volcano. This is one of the oldest volcanoes known: it is estimated to have had a height of from 18,000 to 20,000 ft. before its top was "blown off." The crater now is 9,000 ft. high, with a new crater building up inside the old one. Veniamenof's last major eruption caused the evacuation of the nearby town of Perryville

PADRES WHO WILL TAKE PART IN THE SECOND FRONT. From left to right are the Rev. W. J. Page, of Bexhill; the Rev. G. Crane, of Norwich; and the Rev. S. C. Robinson, of Grimsby

BATTLE SCHOOL FOR PADRES: In camouflage kit, they are learning how to enfilade through villages where snipers may be lurking to pick them off. In a lovely village in the Midlands, the modern padre is to be found wearing a Crusader shield as a "flash" on his shoulder. For picked volunteers go up there week by week to attend what is locally known as the Padres' Battle School. It is held in a village nestling round a lovely old Saxon church-tower; headquarters are the local rectory, taken over by the Army for the duration. The idea of the battle course is threefold and simple. First, it aims at teaching chaplains self-preservation. Secondly, by bringing together chaplains from all branches of Army life in this eve-of-battle atmosphere, it aims at promoting a keen spirit of brotherhood among them. And, finally, by concentrating as much as possible on devotions and prayer, it aims at giving the priests that inspiration which comes from worshipping together

PLYMOUTH PLANS A NEW CITY

Britain's Most Heavily Bombed City as It Lies in Ruins To-day, and How It will be Recreated After the War

—The Plans Prepared by the City Engineer and by Professor Abercrombie

Plymouth is one of the most heavily bombed cities in Britain: its Corporation, however, looking to the immediate future, is already working out elaborate plans for reconstruction after the war. These will preserve all the historical buildings which still remain intact and yet take advantage of everything modern planning has to offer. The plan described on these pages has been prepared by Mr. J. Paton Watson, the City Engineer, and Professor Patrick Abercrombie, Consulting Planner. They have had a unique opportunity in one respect: the enemy blitz of 1941 devastated hundreds of acres in the centre of the city and thus gave the planners a clean sheet. The most spectacular proposals deal with this part of the city. The plan, as a whole, proposes a number of "precincts" or "neighbourhood groups"

(Continued below on left)

A MODEL OF THE PROPOSED CITY CENTRE. The area covered by these plans is now a waste, so that the planners will have a free scope to put twentieth-century ideas into practice unhampered by any outside considerations

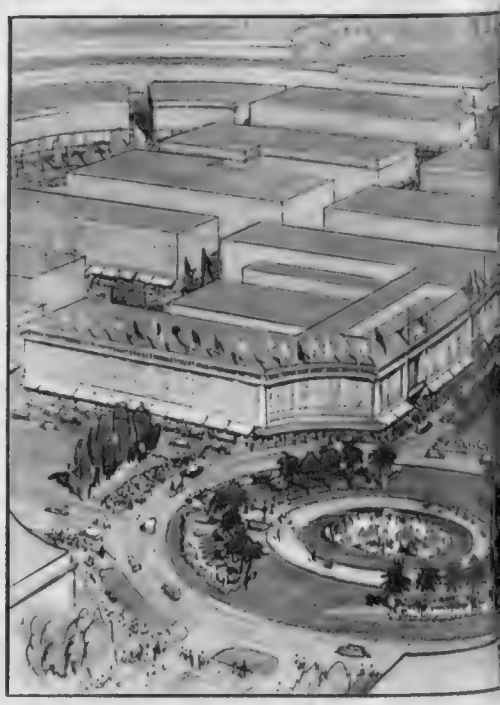
WHAT THE GERMAN BOMBERS DID TO THE CENTRE OF THE CITY DURING THE AIR ATTACKS OF 1941—dropped by the raiders. The new

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PROPOSED CIVIC CENTRE, looking towards the Hoe and the Sound: The Civic Precinct begins on the plane of St. Andrew's Church, which is now a mere shell, but which will rise again. Near by will be the other Precincts—the Shopping Centre and Traffic Centre. The whole of the centre of the city will be rebuilt, with spaciousness, dignity and modernity as the keynotes. On the historical side, the Old Town clustering round the harbour of Sutton Pool will remain—to remind citizens of the great splendour that was—and is—Plymouth

carefully placed around the City Centre, and divided by green belts and parkways. It also suggests new and spacious traffic routes, with a high-level bridge across the River Tamar, and liberal housing. Each of the "neighbourhood centres" will have its own institutions and easy communications between the business and industrial quarters. The Plymouth of the sea-dog days will be retained intact because, miraculously, the Old Town largely escaped the havoc of the blitz

AT THE PRESENT MOMENT A

When the plan now under consideration by the Corporation is realised after the war, it is intended that Plymouth will afford a striking example of a Victorian city completely modernised, with a Medieval and Tudor enclave preserved as far as possible in its pristine character. Reconstruction is proposed over a wide area, including practically all the City Centre,



AN ARTIST'S SKETCH OF THE PROPOSED SHOPPING buildings and interspersed with circular considerable acreage to serve the

The area around Spooner's Corner, in the heart of Plymouth, where many acres were simply obliterated under the weight of high explosives and incendiaries and spectacular proposals of the city planners principally revolve around such devastated regions

WILDERNESS OF DESOLATION—The wrecked area around George Street, in the city's heart, which will spring to life again only after the war

where civic buildings and shopping streets and many residential quarters have been razed to the ground. Victorian Plymouth, exemplified in the French-Gothic Guildhall and Municipal Offices, and in the shopping streets built on the edge of ancient roadways, will be replaced by a twentieth-century Plymouth. Formerly, on the sites shown in the two panoramic views above, stood a warren of buildings intersected by narrow and tortuous lanes and streets. These will give place to the new City Centre (on the site of the old): "the centre itself is the most obvious feature of the future Plymouth, but perhaps not essentially the most important," say the planners. "That is the Precinct principle, which will prevent for ever the repetition of the most objectionable factors in nineteenth-century development." Inside the boundaries the planners visualise several residential Precincts, each a unit with its own institutions and a community centre; each surrounded by a green belt of parkway or cultivated land. The historic Plymouth—the city of the sea-dogs—will remain intact. Plymouth has insisted that this core of its history and symbol of its ancient origin shall not be razed

CENTRE—a great Central Way flanked by modern open spaces. The Centre will cover a very needs of a large modern city

THE PROPOSED TRAFFIC CENTRE AT THE MAIN RAILWAY STATION. This drawing shows the great Way stretching from the space before the proposed Station Hotel, right through the City Centre, to the Hoe itself. This Centre would be a background to the whole of central Plymouth

The FUTURE of the VOLUNTARY HOSPITAL

In the Light of the New National Health Service, and the Trials and Difficulties which Lie Ahead

By CHARLES GRAVES

IN the welter of excitement about post-war civil aviation, the Second Front, Pay As You Earn and prefabricated houses, Great Britain is in danger of losing one of her most priceless heritages—the voluntary hospitals. For that is what is likely to happen if the new National Health service, as defined by the recent White Paper on the subject, becomes law. The gravity of the situation is shown by the fact that the British Hospitals Association actually held a Press conference at Claridge's last week. Until now, the hospitals have continued on their way without paying any real attention to any efforts to affect their future. I did not go to the Press conference myself, but I have endeavoured to find out the exact position as it is to-day.

The story begins in October 1941 when Ernest Brown, then Minister of Health, made a speech in the House of Commons on the policy of the Government to co-ordinate hospital services. "When this is done," he said in effect, "there will be an opportunity for placing on a more regular footing a basis of partnership between the voluntary hospitals and local authorities." Two months later, at the annual meeting of the Edward VII Fund, Mr. Brown spoke very highly of the contributory scheme which provides the voluntary hospitals with so much of their income. Nothing happened for over a year. Then it was disclosed that a comprehensive health plan was being worked out at the Ministry, and a White Paper on the subject was foreshadowed. The British Hospitals Association talked it over and then waited anxiously for the White Paper. This was finally on sale to the public on February 17, 1944. Its publication was greeted with wild enthusiasm by the national Press, and not surprisingly it was said that this plan to make comprehensive medical facilities available to every citizen — *free* — completely outbeveridged Beveridge. And it is certainly true that on page 12 of the White Paper the following sentence occurs: "The new service will be free to all, apart from possible charges where certain appliances are provided."

A whole month passed before any reference was made to the scheme in Parliament. Whereupon both Lord Woolton and Henry Willink, K.C., the present Minister of Health, had to admit that it should never have been suggested that the scheme would be free. In column 429 of *Hansard*, March 16, 1944, occurs the following passage from Mr. Willink's speech: "In one or two places in the White Paper the word 'free' occurs. . . . It is not an appropriate word. . . . Service of this kind has to be paid for—it cannot be free. . . . Everyone will pay for a service for everyone, and by three means—taxation, rates and the social-insurance contribution. . . . The only sense in which the word 'free' is appropriate—and I do not really think it is appropriate at all—is that there will be no charge to those who use it, when they use it, or because they use it."

Unfortunately, owing to the small size of present-day newspapers, little or no attention was paid in the Press to this sensational admission by the Minister of Health, and the general public still believes that it is to have free medical treatment from the hospitals in the comparatively near future. As a result of this, it is natural that subscriptions to the voluntary hospitals are already showing a marked drop. It is only human for people to stop paying for something which they are told is going to be free. That is one reason why the voluntary hospitals are in such a state of agitation; but there is another one. The White Paper makes it look as if the new health service scheme will squeeze the voluntary hospitals out of existence. On the face of it, the latter emphatically approve a comprehensive health service available and accessible to all, but they disapprove of the suggested methods of providing it. There is no assurance that they will be able to survive the proposal that local authorities should be solely responsible, with the Minister of Health, for planning and administrating the whole hospital service in their area.

This proposal, indeed, looks very much like the thin end of the wedge, for if the local authorities extended their own service very widely, the time would come when it might be suggested that the voluntary hospitals had become redundant. This possibility becomes a probability when it is realised that there is no provision or guarantee that the experience or suggestions of the voluntary hospitals will be properly utilised by the local authorities. It is true that the Minister of Health has reiterated the assurance that the Government appreciates the importance of preserving the voluntary hospitals, but he did not say that it would be necessary for them to have full and proper representation in the formulation of the plan and maintenance of the hospital services in their areas. He went on to say that he was sorry if the Government plan destroyed the contributory schemes in their present form; adding, however, that they would receive generous recompense, because the White Paper proposes that they should receive in future slightly more than they received pre-war from this source.

The voluntary hospitals themselves point out that for years their income has been increasing. In 1925, for example, it was £9,400,000; whereas in 1940 it had risen to £17,000,000: of which nearly £2,000,000 came from legacies and £10,000,000 from contributory schemes and payment for services rendered.

In a way, they have only themselves to blame. How often have we seen heartrending appeals for hospitals "falling down," for hospitals which needed so many pennies a second to keep them going? These hysterical posters and advertisements have led the public to believe that the hospitals are bankrupt, and it is sheer pity and affection for them which causes the average man in the street to think that the best thing which could happen to them would be for them to have a large certain income.

The hospitals will be hoist by their own petard if the public does not quickly realise that in fact the voluntary hospitals' income has always exceeded their running expenses in spite of their moans. Indeed, their spokesmen now reveal the fact that their capital assets, covering buildings, sites, equipment and invested funds, may be estimated at something between £250,000,000 and £300,000,000.

Now that this vital information has been disclosed, it is necessary to explain to the public what they would lose if the voluntary hospitals went under. This would certainly mean the loss of their inestimable spirit of independent research which leads to the continuance of fresh discoveries and advances in the treatment of the sick and the prevention of sickness. There is not a doctor in the country (except for alien refugees) who was not trained as a medical student in the voluntary hospitals.

The big teaching hospitals are a definite part of our national life, with the traditions of centuries behind them; they are responsible for the supply of doctors and nurses; they have to try and supply new knowledge. As Lord Dawson of Penn said: "The voluntary hospitals have certain qualities due to their history and traditions which cannot be erected *de novo*. Experience and authority have gathered round them; they represent the elite of the profession; they are the goal of man's ambition. There is something in their tradition which cannot be reproduced."

I hope I am not giving the impression that the voluntary hospitals are adopting a dog-in-the-manger attitude towards the Government proposals for a new health service. On the contrary, they welcome it. But their years of experience teach them that for it to be successful they must have full representation at each stage in the planning and maintenance of the scheme; which could easily be achieved by establishing a central hospitals board as well as local hospitals councils, each composed primarily of representatives from local authorities and voluntary hospitals.

But even this would be inadequate unless they are allowed to continue to secure voluntary support and patients are given the complete freedom to choose their hospital — subject, of course, to the availability and adequacy of the service at the hospital selected. Most important of all, they realise that it will take five or ten years before the grandiose new scheme can come into operation.

Houses will come before hospitals. It will take years to recruit and train the extra doctors, anæsthetists, dentists, nurses, and others that will be required. And the question of nurses is perhaps the most ticklish of all.

People forget that every extra doctor or specialist has to be backed by nurses—not just one nurse, but a great quantity of them. No scheme can be put into force without an adequate supply of nurses. You always get back to this same problem; and the problems in the nursing profession are becoming more complex as time goes on. Rushcliffe has done a fine job of work in reforming the scale of payment and hours of off-duty, but the Rushcliffe Scheme is a very small silver lining to the cloud of difficulties. Take the question of midwives. Only about one in six actually practises, the reason being that so many posts require the certificate without the holder ever being called upon to practise what she has learnt. And now there is an outcry because so many women are unable to get this very necessary service.

The authorities are trying to force the women holding the certificate to practise, although this is the last thing they wish to do. Another scheme is afoot to force nurses who have just finished their training to take up midwifery or else they will be drafted wherever they are needed, which is usually only the sanatoriums. In these days, nurses can be drafted, kept in a hospital against their will, forced to do whatever the authorities want. This is probably necessary, but it does not attract women into the profession.

What is more, when a nurse gets into trouble there is no official organisation to which she can turn for protection. All doctors have the B.M.A. to which they can turn when they get into trouble. But not so the nurse. The tendency has always been to sacrifice the interests of the nurse in favour of the hospital. I am just a layman stepping in where the expert fears to tread, but personally I think there should be a B.M.A. for the nursing profession which would really watch their interests.

NURSES INTO BATTLE. Two pictures taken after a recent air raid on London. Both these pictures were taken at the same municipal hospital the morning after a German raid on the London outskirts. Eight wards were demolished, a dozen patients were killed and five members of the staff suffered a like fate. Above, a nurse, wearing a face mask, is salvaging some of the dispensary equipment: on the right, helmeted nurses are bringing out hospital equipment, using wheel-chairs for the purpose. All the nurses and hospital staff behaved admirably during and after this appalling tragedy

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that hey are necessarily available for export

NEW ENGINES of WAR—ALLIED and ENEMY

AN ARMOURED BRIGADE ON THE MOVE IN ENGLAND: A complete train-load of Loyd carriers on their "Conflats." When an armoured brigade moves across country by rail, special trains are run to carry the tracked vehicles and their crews. The tanks and transports move to the station under their own power and drive on to the train. Tanks are carried on specially designed trucks known as "Warwells." These have twelve wheels and a weight of just over 29½ tons. Lighter vehicles, such as carriers, are conveyed on trucks known as "Conflats"—ordinary "container" trucks with the box removed

THE "ARMOURED GREYHOUND"—a new weapon of the U.S. Army: Endowed with the speed and manœuvrability of a motor-car and the protective armoured construction of a light tank, the American Army's new vehicle has been dubbed the "Armoured Greyhound." Designed as a scout car, it is able to hit the enemy at long range with its 37-mm. anti-tank gun and ·30-calibre machine-gun, observe operations and withdraw at good speed. Here the new tank is shown with two wheels in the air as it demonstrates how easily it can operate over a rough terrain. The tank is only 7 ft. high and it is operated by a four-man crew

NAZI "BUTTERFLY" BOMBS IN THE BEACHHEAD: A picture which shows the case in which they are dropped from the air. Two British soldiers at Anzio are here exhibiting the interior of the bomb-case. The "Butterfly" anti-personnel bombs fall a pre-determined distance before the case is shot open and its great number of small delayed-action bombs are released, to fall among personnel in bivouac areas and elsewhere. They often lie for a day or longer before exploding

THE AMERICAN ARMY'S NEW MILITARY VEHICLE, THE M-8 TANK: This mounts a 75-mm. howitzer and a ·50-calibre anti-aircraft machine-gun. It is here rolling forward during a demonstration of its combat technique. Army officials have disclosed that the M-8 is being used to form a "combat team" with American M-5 tanks, lobbing its mortar-shells into concealed enemy positions which cannot be reached by the low-trajectory shells fired by the M-5

A NEW-TYPE FAN WHICH INCREASES THE EFFICIENCY OF AMERICAN WAR-PLANES: A faster rate of climb, higher cruising speed, bigger load and better performance at altitude are made possible for this dive-bomber and other U.S. aircraft through the development of a new engine-cooling fan. Here the many-bladed device may be seen just behind the propeller and within the engine cowling. By eliminating much of the drag caused by older methods of cooling, the rate of climb of planes fitted with the new fan has been increased by as much as 20 per cent.: in some twin-engined aircraft it has been possible to increase the load carried by as much as 10,000 lb.

FOUR GERMAN SHELLS WHICH HAVE BEEN RECOVERED INTACT IN THE ANZIO BEACHHEAD: They are (from left to right): 150-mm. (6-in.); 180-mm. (7·2-in.); 210 mm. (8·4-in.); and 280-mm. (11·2-in.). An American sergeant is holding up a stick marked off in 6-in. lengths to give an idea of the size of the specimens. The 280-mm. shell has a nosecap which is estimated to add 24 ins. to its length. Round the body are raised strips which fit into the rifling of the gun-barrel, the gas seal being obtained by a narrow copper band at the base end of the raised strips. The 280-mm. shell is believed to be the largest used against the Allied troops in the beachhead

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

CRICKET!—What a title . . . in the midst of war and social revolution, after five long years of bleak and dingy austerity during which the unforgiving minute has been forced up in price to astronomical figures and has not been obtainable even in the black market. *Cricket.* The drowsing scene, the heat shimmer on the green turf, the white-clad, brown-armed fieldsmen and the swallows darting between, the sun standing still high in a blue heaven innocent of death, and men in straw hats in their thousands grouped round the grass edge with all the long summer's day to spare to the niceties of a national game peculiar to Britons. And, oddly enough, this pastoral idyll would produce burning moments of an excitement far more intense than a Battle of Britain or a London Blitz. Moments of Time which strong men could not endure, thrills too fearful for the imaginative to watch, Jessop's famous fireworks, Tennyson's scratched seventy against the all-conquering 1921 Australians, Fowler's Eton and Harrow match. . . . Does that race still exist which could squander time and squander emotion as for so many decades in our dim past our race quite often did? Can that reign of Saturn dawn again on the stricken field; or is Time for ever to be rationed and the sky never more to be blue and innocent? (You observe that I count only the *sunny* hours. Rainy days at Lords afford a more doleful story, better forgot.) You have read the findings of the Select Committee? Which committee? National Education, Town and Country Planning, War Criminals, Public Health? No, Sir. *The* Select Committee presided over by The Rt. Hon. Sir Stanley Jackson—otherwise Jacker—on *The Thing that Matters*, the Select Committee appointed by the M.C.C., at the request of the A.C.C.C., to settle the form of County Cricket after the war is over. And if you would seek proof of the unconquerable spirit of Englishmen and the inextinguishable faith and optimism of Man, search for your evidence between the lines of this report drawn up at the time . . . when it was drawn up!

For sheer beauty, simplicity, blind faith, optimism and sanity, was there ever such a report issued by a Select Committee? It is quite long, it covers a wide cricket-ground, touches on a score of abstruse and vital questions, and every recommendation on every single issue is governed and confirmed by one golden rule and principle: *Turn back the clock.* Wash out the past. Back to the reign of Saturn, before these wars and the dingy, commercial 'tween-wars era robbed that reign of its innocence and space and dignity and leisure, when England was merrie, cricket cricket, and Time a domestic servant, with a good character and good humour and devoted to its employers.

Turn Back the Clock.—The Select Committee unanimously recommends that County Cricket must start again on the first practicable day after the Armistice. It shall not be played on Sunday. The M.C.C. will *not* press for the demobilisation of cricketers on special priority or essential State service! There shall be no more eight-ball overs. The over shall go back to six balls. Appeals against the light shall be eliminated—decisions left to umpires. Fast wickets are the best for cricket, and groundsmen must no longer dope. Nature and war will have done much to undo artifice, and the natural conditions of cricket in W. G.'s heyday should rule in the first post-war years. In between the lines one reads clear evidence that county captains must henceforth ensure that cricket is played as cricket was played in the great days of old and Alfred Mynn; not as League Football, not on Hollywood standards, not as a trade, as a test of endurance, as an historical episode, but as a game, a recreation for all concerned and only incidentally to provide a living for a few.

The pattern of all cricket reminiscence is conventional. It's a *conservative* game. Unless Time "stands still," it cannot be played as it should, though that fact may not justify old fans in tampering with the hands and seeking always to put them back. But so it is. We sigh for the "great days" and magnify the giants of yester-year at the expense of the giants of yesterday.

And did you once see Shelley plain? Certainly, mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming in to bat of W. G. I saw him first and last in his last appearance in first-class cricket at the Oval in 1908; I forget why I was able to be present. I don't think he did anything notable. I remember his beard and the roar that greeted him. Years before that I used to be lured to the Oval by the banner headlines in the Strand: "Marvellous bowling by Richardson." Years before that the seeds of cricket were sown in my soul-soil by the old great-uncles and by my father, who had laid the foundations of country-house cricket when I.Z. was still a mere child and played its games out on a rough pitch near the Round Pond on Wimbledon Common, over against "the house where I was born."

The Ideal Team.—Now, one fact may perhaps lend colour to my inevitable and conventional *nostalgie* for the "great days" of cricket. I am not going to pretend that the giants of old were, man for man, greater than the giants of the 1920's or '30's. Comparisons are odious and foolish, and Grace and Shrewsbury and Trumper faced different conditions to those faced by Bradman and the protagonists of both sides in the years between. I will merely set down the fact that the first Test Match I ever saw (the first of the 1902 series, at Birmingham) brought into the field for England a team which for sheer balance, merit and *economy* must even to-day strike the ideal-team maker as something near perfection.

It wasn't good enough to win. The rain won; but it would have won handsomely if "Old Sol" had been in the ascendant. This was the batting order: MacLaren, Fry, Ranji, Jackson, Tyldesley (J. T.), Lilley, Hirst, Jessop, Braund, Lockwood, Rhodes! *N.B.*—No. 11, even then, was a good enough bat for No. 1 of an England side.

That eleven of great batsmen included four of the best bowlers we ever produced in their genres—Lockwood, Hirst, Rhodes, Braund. Jessop and Jackson were both Test bowlers proven, so that of that eleven, seven were Test-standard all-rounders, if we include Lilley as keeper and batsman. It had the greatest "cover" of all time, and three of the greatest slips of all time in Ranji, Braund and MacLaren. Indeed, if Time stood still and all cricketers of every generation were here to pick from, you would be hard put to it to reject any member of that side for a substitute from the ranks of later or earlier giants—on an ideal basis of team balance and economy-cum-merit.

You may say, and perhaps will say, that in choosing a team for a 1930's Test different conditions in wickets, bowling technique, and so on, would demand changes from that ideal side. That, I think, is in the minds of the Select Committee of 1944. Conditions to-day and to-morrow ought not to be such as to justify any changes from that ideal eleven of forty-two years ago: the changed conditions of wickets and technique and spirit have not been good for the game, and the clock should be put back to the conditions which obtained at the dawn of this bitter, troubled century when the marriage of science and tradition was enjoying its honeymoon.

In cricket, as in all else in our social life, commercialism and elaboration have been the prime disturbers of our peace.

It's an inviting argument, which begs many vital questions. Economics enter the field—a ruthless dictator.

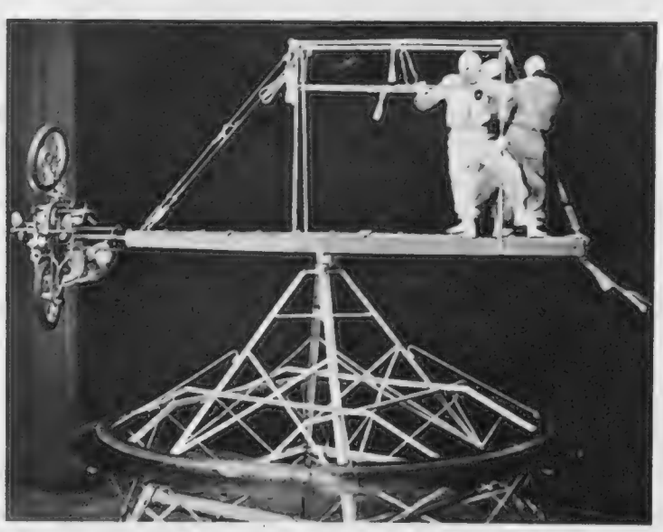
Time—the old chap with the scythe, who presides over the green acres of Lord's with surely deliberate significance—settles the fate of all games. Can we ever expect that Time will again be released from rationing control, and that watchers and players will clamp him high in the blue heaven while the timeless cricket of the great days fills the hearts of the public and the columns of the Press with thrills and sensations enough to satisfy the most avid of sensation-mongers? Timeless cricket, but played with an eye on the clock, and under the sun, and in the spirit of . . . cricket.

The New London Stage Productions

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

THE REST IS SILENCE (Prince of Wales).—This gloomy but impressive drama is Mr. George Black's most valuable contribution to the serious theatre so far. I have never been able to understand this penchant for making plays out of the trial of Madeleine Smith, though of the several I have seen this is by far the best. To me the most interesting part of the whole business is that the beautiful Madeleine, who was tried in 1857, died as recently as 1928. Miss Ann Todd played her with tragic intensity and had no difficulty in reminding us that history records that Madeleine was extremely lovely. Particularly good performances by Mr. Martin Walker and by Mr. Karl Stepanek, who vanished far too early.

"FLARE PATH" IN CAIRO, WITH ITS LONDON CAST. The famous West End play by Terence Rattigan is now playing to crowded audiences at the Royal Opera House in Cairo. Here is the group of players taking part in the production: from left to right—Leslie Dwyer, Kathleen Harrison, Billy Thatcher, Ivan Samson, Emlyn Williams, Robert Elson (standing on table), Adrienne Allen, Leueen McGrath, Emrys Jones, and Eliot Mason



ACROBATICS AT 50 M.P.H. which have been thrilling Londoners at the Stoll Theatre Circus. Ernest Staig and his "Flying Australian Air Aces" have been giving Londoners a thrill with their novel act at the circus which has been running at the Stoll Theatre. Staig is twenty-seven years old: he is assisted by three others—Joe Kozanich, Billy Sawyer and Sid Simple. All have broken bones of one sort or another in this 50 m.p.h. act. Ernest Staig and his brother (now a Flying Officer in the R.A.F.) first thought up the idea in 1935: since then, except for a period when Ernest was in the Army, it has been played all over Australia and New Zealand. The insurance premium for this act is exceptionally high. The "roundabout" costs over £1,000 and takes four hours to erect. After getting up a speed of 50 m.p.h., the three men on the platform lift the motor-cycle off the runway and Ernest then somersaults as he flies around in mid-air. The great problem at the moment is petrol: an allowance of half a pint per day is being received for the act

Guilty (Lyric, Hammersmith).—More killing in the fairly long ago, with costumes and scenery to match, at the reopened Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. *Guilty* is founded on *Therese Raquin*, which has also been seen in London before. Here, again, I would hesitate to call it a great or even a good play. But in this case it is beautifully produced, holds the attention throughout, and is chiefly notable for the performance as Therese of that fine actress, Miss Flora Robson, who has chosen this rather odd way of celebrating her return after a long absence in Hollywood, which is quite a long way from Hammersmith.

Jill Darling (Winter Garden).—Yet another revival. But no killing in it, unless Mr. Arthur Riscoe makes a few people in the audience die with laughter. I have never seen this fine musical-comedy comedian so richly funny, and the show wears extraordinarily well. Pretty little Miss Carole Lynne sings well and has oceans of charm. The ideal leading-lady.

PICTURES of WARTIME LIFE in BRITAIN

"WILLOW RUN," IN LONDON, where American officers dine out on trays for 2s. 6d. No plates are seen on these tables: the meals are served in trays indented like hors-d'œuvre dishes, with six sections for different foods

THE "WILLOW RUN" DINING-ROOM is decorated with portraits of the leaders of the four big Allied nations. Women officers, as well as men, have the right of entry here. Some time ago the skating-rink at Grosvenor House, in London, was converted into a huge mess for the use of American officers. It is run on cafeteria lines, each man collecting his own food. High-ranking officers line up for their meals together with young Lieutenants—"First come, first served" being the order of the day. Amongst its patrons the mess is known as "Willow Run," the long line of moving customers suggesting the assembly line at Ford's great bomber factory. No separate plates are used; everybody eats out of six-troughed trays. The charge for dinner is 2s. 6d., and for this the officers receive steak, chips, vegetables, roll and butter and Dutch apple-pie

A NOVEL SIGHT IN THE STREETS OF CHELTENHAM: Shopping by means of a goat-cart. Mrs. E. D. Petherd, of Cheltenham, regularly uses this "British Saanan" goat for shopping in the town. The goat gives no trouble in traffic or when left outside shops. Mrs. Petherd also lends her outfit to give rides to sick children and for collecting for the Guide Dogs for the Blind Fund

THE NEW WARTIME HAIR-STYLE WHICH IS SWEEPING BRITAIN: Already the rage in America, this new style is now becoming popular in England. It is called "Maria," and was worn by Ingrid Bergman in the film *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. As it requires no clips or pins, it is suitable for women in war factories or the Services. At the crown the hair is 4 ins. long, and at the nape of the neck as short as 1 in. In the picture above, Mr. Charles Plumridge is seen demonstrating the new style

A RUSSIAN BALLET SCHOOL IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE. Young dancers rehearsing before a full-length mirror for a series of performances in London

THE SMALLEST MEMBER OF THE TROUPE: Madame Legat is the widow of the famous Maître de Ballet of the Imperial Theatre of St. Petersburg and Moscow. Her pupils recently gave a week of dancing at a London hall. The youngsters train in ideal surroundings at Seer Green, near Beaconsfield, and in fine weather do their dancing in the grounds of the School in the open air

MISS ROSALIND COX HANDLES THE GRAIN CROP. Wheeling a sack of ground beans on Bignor Farm, near Pulborough. On a 2,000-acre farm near Pulborough, in Sussex, twenty-eight-year-old Rosalind Cox is tackling one of the most unusual jobs ever undertaken by a W.L.A. member. She has sole charge of the giant £1,100 grain-drier installed last spring in an ancient granary. Maintenance of the massive and complicated machinery, and all oiling and greasing, are done by Rosalind. She joined the Women's Land Army in 1939, and before the war worked as a fur saleswoman at Peter Jones, London. Her fair hair, blue eyes, height and sturdy build make her a good example of an attractive English girl who is leading an outdoor life

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

NEW AND INTERESTING NOVELS

An Enjoyable Comedy-Farce; Farming in Wartime; William Blake as a Left-wing Politician; Miss Alice Campbell's Gory Thriller; an Introspective Mystery Story

TO find a genre, to prove that it was rewarding and to stick to it, was, in the past century, an ambition that many writers and artists achieved, though, even in the heyday of Victorian Academies, there were those bold spirits who said that when you had seen one sheep in a snow-storm, you 'd seen them all. Now a bolder age calls for variety, and writers particularly seem stimulated by that call. Miss Barbara Goolden is the newest adventurer in a totally different style, for with COMMUNITY SINGING (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) she successfully attempts comedy-farce, and seems to enjoy herself in the process.

Her Mr. Alfred Chuter, for instance, is a pleasantly comic creation: comfort-loving, but no sybarite; timid, but determined; and a tremendous respecter of his own privacy. Mr. Chuter is, *en plus*, a Civil Servant, and his enforced evacuation from the London lodgings, where he has lived for twenty-nine years, to the pretentiously highbrow atmosphere of a country house, is a little difficult for him to bear. The attempts of two literary spinsters to remake his point of view in all matters social and spiritual has its hilariously funny side, since, needless to say, Mr. Chuter Remains Himself.

The coincidences of fiction being what they are, Mr. Chuter finds that a fellow-guest in this bijou residence is Queenie, his long-lost daughter, and that she is engaged to a young man in the R.A.F., who is none other than the husband of Polly, the servant-girl who has committed bigamy three times since his genuine marriage to her. And if that sounds muddled, it 's because it 's that kind of plot.

But it 's all a lot of quiet, rather frail fun, and even if facetiousness raises its ugly head from time to time, it 's still mildly agreeable.

MAINLY ABOUT DOGS . . .

SERGEANT SALLY and her owner: Wilma Clizbe, of Detroit, is working with the American Red Cross at a London club. She is the owner of a Cairn which is known to thousands of U.S. Servicemen here. Sergeant Sally has been a mascot to several divisions of the U.S. Army, including an airborne division. She has a specially made overcoat which she wears on all important occasions and which bears many different insignias. Sally was bought by her present owner in Bath in 1942

Mr. Duncan McGuffie is a young farmer who took over a derelict farm and, with the help of an intelligent manager, got it back into production in record time, the whole thing being accomplished during this war. In CABBAGES AND COMMITTEES (Faber. 7s. 6d.), Mr. McGuffie gives an account of his progress at this farming, at market gardening and as a member of his County Agricultural Committee.

One of Mr. McGuffie's activities has been to give short, informal lectures to members of the Women's Land Army, and these, by his own showing, were as instructive to him as to his listeners. "What do you like a farmer to do when he walks round?" he once asked them, and they answered that, first of all, they didn't like farmers who came round on horseback, and they didn't like farmers who drove round, peered at them through the car window and then drove on. But that they didn't object to "farmers who told them off."

The author of this book is a farmer first and a writer second, or maybe even third, but his brisk style (the book was written in only two months) and his crisp self-confidence suit the new style of mechanised farming, and many of his principles are the result of a mental attitude that owes as much to far-sightedness as it does to common sense.

It 's all in the way you look at it, as one has been told by various philosophic busybodies since childhood. And different writers, one finds, have the most surprisingly different ways of looking at the same subject. Mr. J. Bronowski, for instance, takes William Blake "out of the literary wrappings which have so long effectively concealed him," and presents him as a child of the Industrial Revolution—in effect, a Left-wing politician.

This interesting study forms the basis of A MAN WITHOUT A MASK (Secker and Warburg. 8s. 6d.), in which the poet-artist-prophet is seen in relation to the industrial evils of his time. Blake was born in 1757, and for most of his life was obliged to earn his living as an engraver, when the demand for good individual products had given way to the products of industry. He sympathised with the principles of the French Revolution, was tried for sedition and acquitted. It was the painter Samuel Palmer who wrote of him that he was "the man without a mask."

Rather than a personal and critical study of Blake, Mr. Bronowski has chosen to write chiefly from a political point of view, and the result is an ingenious, but somehow narrow, analysis.

I have an elderly acquaintance who holds that all self-respecting and sea-going parrots should have learned to chant the phrase "Buckets of blood! Buckets of blood!" before they are admitted to any genteel home. It gives, this lady will say dreamily, a certain tang to the atmosphere.

It gives too, parrot or no parrot, a certain zest to the pages of a mystery story, which is a literary territory too far invaded by logicians and the ballistic boys. Miss Alice Campbell's new book, TRAVELLING BUTCHER (Crime Club. 8s. 6d.), is an apt example of the thing properly done. Each page implicitly, though fortunately not literally, drips with gore, and there are gleaming razors, severed heads and inexplicable smells.

There is also a very adequate plot, in case anyone should suppose that this kind of thing is easy to do. An English aristocrat, avaricious and not unlike that parrot in her personal attractions, buys antiques in order to resell them to that vast and legendary market made up of gullible American millionaires. Neither the death of her husband, nor the injury of most of her friends and relatives during a London blitz, deters her, and she moves her treasures out to a lonely Dorset cottage with perfect sangfroid and an admirable grasp of organisation.

Before she leaves London there is one particularly nasty murder, but that is as nothing to what follows in Wessex, the whole thing observed by a charming young American girl, who is in daily and nightly fear of her life. Even in the middle of all this, though, it occurred to me that there is nothing that gives the reader such an involuntary shiver as that little tap-tap against an uncurtained window in the dark. And Miss Campbell is one who knows her tap-taps.

THIS IS JUST A PLAIN CIVILIAN DOG! He has been given the job of guarding the "catch" made by his two masters fishing in the muddy waters of a Hampstead pond. Apparently, the terrier finds the contents of the jar a fascinating spectacle!

There is a death or two in CLUES TO CHRISTABEL (Joseph. 9s. 6d.), but this is otherwise a vastly different affair of reflection and introspection, very well handled in its own considered way. Christabel is a young and popular writer who dies, apparently, of a clearly diagnosed fever. Her best woman friend is commissioned to write the biography, but when she comes to make her preliminary notes, she finds that nothing definitive can be written without referring to Christabel's own diaries, and these have been left to Christabel's family, who refuses to let her see them.

The mystery then starts to stir, and to creep through the house like a miasma. Why, to begin with, had Christabel decreed in her will that the house should be shared by her family and that friend of hers whom they all resented? What had dear Christabel been up to when she closed the diary with a single page in Greek characters which none of them but Christabel's childhood friend could read? Who strangled the plain and ineffectual cousin?

ORDINARY SEAMAN SPUD is the mascot of one of the Royal Navy's aircraft-carriers which took part in the recent action against the German battleship *Tirpitz*. Spud saw the aircraft take off for the attack, and he saw them come back. Here he is, complete with home-made identity disc, awaiting their return to the ship

Miss Mary Fitt shows a fine appreciation of suspense in handling all this, and eschews the obvious without being too fancy about it. Even her murderees live their brief terms as human beings, and there is a refreshing absence of either a hero or a heroine.

TO-MORROW IS FOREVER (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), or *Total War Comes to Beverly Hills*, as it might be sub-titled with permissible levity, is a pleasantly written novel dealing with two of life's major issues, with all the competence and sophistication of a first-class manicurist. Readable, yes; and even rather winning, since all the characters are such well-mannered, clean-living people, but as far from life in the past four and a half years as Tierra del Fuego.

Now, I submit that none of this would matter in the least if this novel were about a different or exotic kind of human being, but it is not; it is about a comfortably placed middle-class family. Or about a different period in time, but it is not; it is about 1941. Or about a race whose customs we have little chance of comprehending without years of study, but it is about Americans. Therefore, I found it profoundly irritating.

For Miss Gwen Bristow's skill in creating atmosphere, handling dialogue and suggesting emotional tensions I have nothing but admiration.

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ICI

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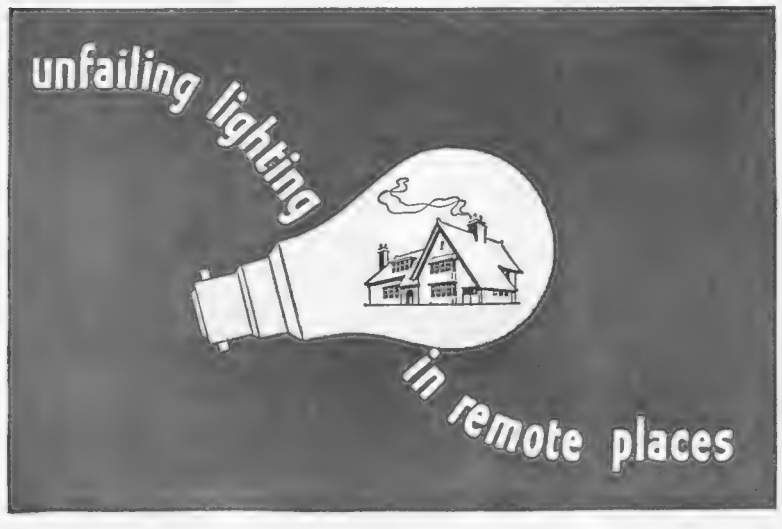

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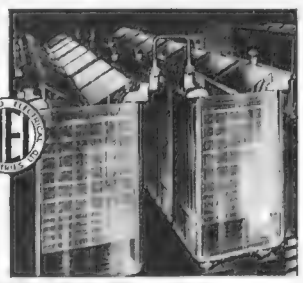

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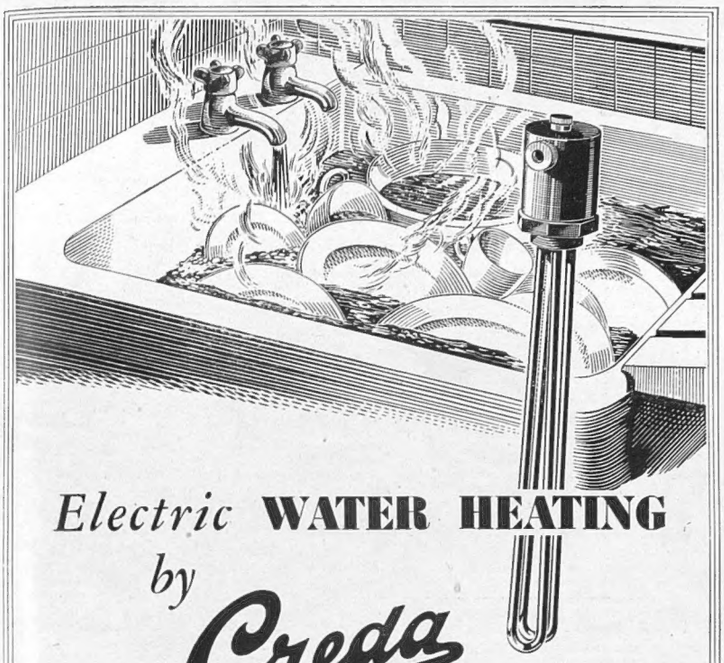

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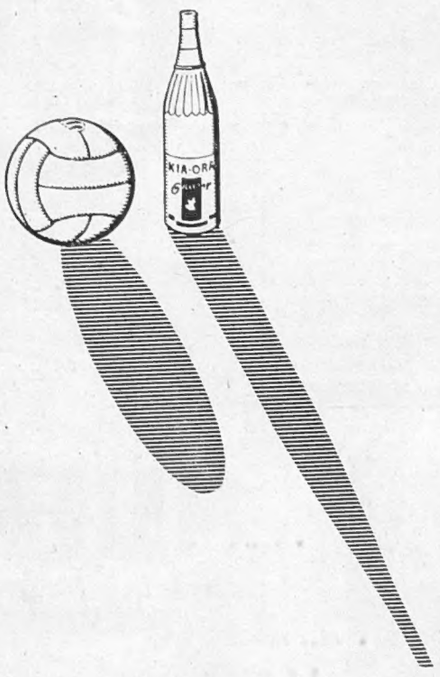

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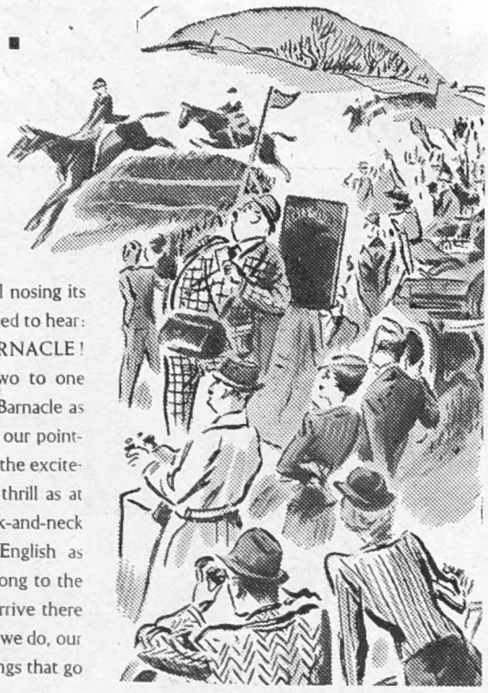

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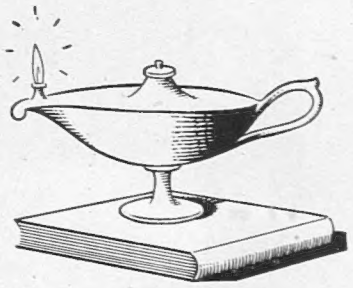

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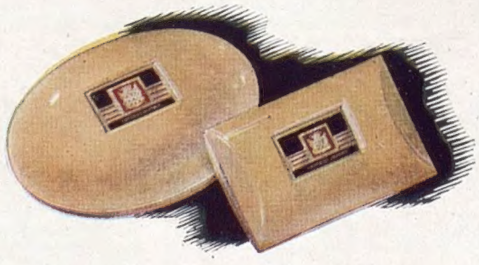

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